

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3079.—VOL. CXII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE QUEEN IN THE RIVIERA : HER MAJESTY WITNESSING THE CHILDREN'S BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT NICE.

From a Photograph by Gillette, Nice.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A passage in Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to the new edition of "Vanity Fair" gives a startling idea of the courage that is sometimes needed for the writing of a masterpiece. When Thackeray's first great novel was appearing in monthly numbers, it excited so little interest that, at one time, there was some thought of discontinuing the publication. The story was not discussed and disparaged; the early parts were simply ignored, and the author, with this chill of neglect round his heart, remembering, perhaps, that bitter day of "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," when there came an editorial hint from *Fraser's Magazine* to "cut it short," went on writing "Vanity Fair" with the confidence of triumphant genius. Mrs. Ritchie recalls how she and her sister, taking some of the "yellow numbers" to a friend, were stopped by her father in Kensington Gardens. He had a moment of dejection. Here were his little girls trying to find a sympathetic reader for his story! What a bootless errand! Why trouble the friend, and cool the friendship? He turned the children back, hesitated, and then let them go.

I like to picture him striding home, laughing at the thought of those small ambassadors carrying such dubious gifts to that friend of the family, who would entertain them with plum-cake, and silently wonder why their father persisted in writing such stuff! I see him sitting down to a fresh chapter, and colouring the first paragraph with this odd experience. What was that chapter? I open "Vanity Fair" and light at once upon the very thing. "When the eagles of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Corsican upstart, were flying from Provence, where they had perched after a brief sojourn in Elba, and from steeple to steeple until they reached the towers of Notre Dame, I wonder whether the Imperial birds had any eye for a little corner of the parish of Bloomsbury, London, which you might have thought so quiet that even the whirring and flapping of those mighty wings would pass unobserved there?" Well, here was another upstart of a much less imposing order, whose yellow wings did not attract any attention whatever by whirring and flapping every month, but were meekly folded under the arms of a couple of children. No towers and steeples for them! They passed unnoticed in Bloomsbury, where not a reader could have made the acquaintance of John Sedley, who had spent his days of prosperity in that classic region, and whose decline and fall were celebrated in this very chapter. And now the publishers talked of cutting short this epic that would not sell! Courage! Ahead of us still are the most surprising adventures of the "Becky puppet." Who knows that even the friend on the other side of Kensington Gardens may not have alighted at this moment on something in those yellow numbers that distracts her from the children and the plum-cake?

There is another writer whose courage is even more striking than Thackeray's. This is a gentleman who has conceived the idea that the literature of the Bible is not sufficiently "idiomatic." The Old Testament has its merits, but the diction of King James's translators lacks the terseness of our modern speech. So this new Biblical scholar has laid hands upon a prophet or two, and tricked them out in his precious idioms. "Sound the trumpet in Zion," you may think, is tolerably expressive; but in the new version the trumpet becomes a "bugle," and Zion is converted into "sunlit heights." What is the idiomatic quality of the bugle? How do "sunlit heights" express to this scholar's mind the majesty and poetry of Zion? It is like cheap scene-painting after Turner. There may come a time in the chequered history of the English tongue when it will be necessary to turn our classics into idioms understood of the million. Then Hamlet, instead of desiring that his "too too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew," may exclaim, "O to be a jockey riding only eight stone!" That might bring Shakspeare home to sportsmen. But while admitting that a good deal of our literature may have to be adapted to a more popular vocabulary, I fancy we shall hold out against the blandishments of the venturesome scholarship which meddles with the Bible.

Ingenious speculation, idiomatic or otherwise, is still groping after the identity of Junius; but it has ceased to occupy itself, even fitfully, with Goldsmith's jest about "grouse in the gun-room." The story which Diggory, in "She Stoops to Conquer," could never hear without splitting his sides is still a mystery; the last conjecture of scholarship, if I remember rightly, being that "grouse," in this case, was not a bird, but a dog. The bird would have no point in the gun-room, whereas a dog, with the appropriate name of "Grouse," might easily have wandered into that apartment and played some trick or other which tickled Diggory to death. This suggestion has all that acuteness which we expect from scholars; still, it is tame. This has evidently struck the writer of a novel I have been reading breathlessly till four in the morning. If the author of "The Woman in White" is able to gratify in the shades a taste for current fiction, he must recognise some strokes not unworthy of himself in "A Woman in Grey." One incident is specially notable, because it rescues the gun-room from the clutches of a comic but inexplicable

anecdote. I can imagine a writer who has spent years in the British Museum, vainly striving to pluck the mystery from Goldsmith's grouse, seized all at once by a luminous inspiration. Why bother any more about the secret of Diggory's tiresome mirth? Why not introduce into the gun-room a beast that would have frozen his rustic blood? Grouse, forsooth! Ha! What do you say to a tiger?

Yes, about 3 a.m. I became aware that a tiger, escaped from a menagerie, was prowling round a house in the country where the heroine was visiting. She had words with a rival, who was furiously jealous; then this lady sent her a note, inviting her to an explanation in the gun-room. Repairing thither, she suddenly found herself locked in, and the tiger in a corner crouching for a spring! It was long past my bed-time, but how could I sleep the sleep of the callous, and leave her in that situation? Looking through a staircase window, the hero saw her danger, and, being a man of uncommon nerve and agility, he dropped into the gun-room with a crash. I have read many tiger-stories. They must have a strong fascination for anyone who is fond of cats, for I never see a fine specimen of the domestic tabby without perceiving an expression in her eyes which says, "This is all very well. I don't mind your rubbing my ear; but if we were in Hindostan together, and I were twenty times my present size—purr!" There is an Eastern gentleman named Ghosh who has been telling tiger stories with something more than the graphic daring of the average eye-witness. But what will he say to the tiger in the gun-room, to the lady who snatches up a handy weapon and riddles the creature with bullets, to the hero who, although he receives sledge-hammer blows from its paws, is so little the worse that he wears his arm in a sling for only a page? Mr. Ghosh, I fear, will return broken-hearted to the jungle.

On principle, I decline to regard fiction as stranger than truth, though it is the usual business of the critic to say that a staggering tale or drama is out of all proportion to the blameless routine of his existence. Granted that a gun-room is an abnormal place for a tiger (who ought to shun breechloaders by instinct), and that even jealous women do not often inveigle their rivals within reach of that animal and then leave them with the door locked on the outside, can you find no parallels to such conditions in the morning paper? What do I read straight off? The circumstantial narrative of a lady who has just been released from a pauper lunatic asylum at the instance of an ambassador! She says she is the victim of a misunderstanding with her relatives, that her life was attempted, that the police arrested her one day and charged her with the unlawful possession of an unsound mind, that she was herded with lunatics, and had no end of trouble to persuade the doctors that she was sane. Put all that in a novel, with or without the skill of Charles Reade, put the ambassador on the stage, and bring him down to the footlights with an international smile and slow music, and see whether he is any more credible to the critical mind than the tiger in the gun-room!

We live in an atmosphere of melodrama and sensational romance, of which fiction is a pale and stumbling copy. Sir Francis Haden has a pretty list of murders by poison which, he says, would never have been detected but for the exhumation of the victims. Cremate the dead, and the secret poisoner will carry on his business with neatness, despatch, and impunity. Sir Henry Thompson, who is the leading advocate of cremation, replies that you may exhume a poisoned body without discovering the poison, because it may have escaped in the interval. The only sure, or approximately sure way of tracing the effects of a sinister and elusive drug is an immediate autopsy. Sir Henry Thompson, as I understand him, would make this a condition of all death certificates. What does this mean if it is not a warning from an expert to be on our guard against secret poisoning? You may say my nerves are a little unstrung by sitting up so far into the night with a tiger; but if Parliament were asked by the Home Secretary to pass a Bill enforcing Sir Henry Thompson's view, would not the taxpayer who goes early to bed with an unperturbed imagination turn with anxious foreboding to some of the early novels of Miss Braddon?

It is a relief from this nightmare to consider the subject of clothes. Women have journals and magazines devoted to their raiment, but here is a new periodical which sheds the light of wisdom upon "masculine modes." "Natural shoulders," I learn, are coming in. "Square shoulders are returning to their place of origin, or else sinking to a substratum." I seem to have read in books of travel that "square shoulders" came originally from America. Are they on their way home to fight the Spaniard? And what is the "substratum" when they sink to it? I am glad to know that "this is a season for quiet men"; and yet they ought to "get away from the tameness of attire which clings even to men of distinct taste." Be not too tame, neither. But what is a quiet man to make of this? "As to colour, a genuine nut-brown is showing a smart pace." Happily one thing is clear. He need not order "coat-buttons engraved with his initials," though men of "distinct taste" seem to have worn these ornaments within recent times.

THE NEWEST THACKERAY.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

The author of "Vanity Fair," as is well known—indeed Mrs. Ritchie confirms the fact once more—did not desire that his life should be written. Those of us "who honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any" have no resource therefore but to attempt, by considerations of accent or occasion, to qualify so disappointing an injunction. It cannot, however, be regarded as a mere *boutade*, for it was often repeated. What is most probable is that Mr. Thackeray had in his mind certain biographies, perhaps even certain biographers, of his day. It was Mr. Nobody of the Roundabout Paper: Mr. Nobody with his note-book—snapping up unconsidered trifles, tearing text from context, imputing motives, explaining mysteries, and altogether executing his unholy purpose with the tact of an eaves-dropper and the taste of a valet. It is this that he must have foreseen, and this that he wished to guard against. With his remorseless self-criticism, his modest estimate of his efforts and achievement, his hatred of shams and love of truth, it is impossible that Mr. Thackeray can seriously have objected to a conscientious and respectful portrait of his personality—a personality which, moreover, by a thousand Montaigne-like touches, he was perpetually revealing in his writings. Nevertheless, since he definitely expressed a wish which no loyal admirer can pretend to disregard, the plan which his daughter has now adopted of prefixing to a new edition of his books those memories of his ways of work which may be given to the public without traversing his desires, is certainly one to be grateful for. And our gratitude is due upon another ground. The arrangement is one admirably adapted to the methods and gifts of Mrs. Ritchie herself, around whose delightfully "divagatory" recollections seem always to hover a haunting fragrance and a persistent tinge of rose-colour. We only trust that, giving us so much which is new, she will not—in the interest of those readers to whom these handsome volumes must afford their first knowledge of her father—refrain entirely from familiar stories.

We say this because, seduced by the charm of Mrs. Ritchie's periods, we had reached the last line of her Introduction to "Vanity Fair" before we noticed the absence of two characteristic anecdotes—one being that relating to the finding of the title; the other—first told, we believe, by Mr. James Hannay—that which records the writer's pardonable exultation when, in Chapter LIII., the unhappy Rebecca "admires" her husband, "strong, brave, and victorious" over Lord Steyne. "When I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table, and said, 'that is a touch of genius!'" These things are for all time, and will bear repetition; but in default of them, we have many interesting details respecting the progress and history of the book. We have a picture, by Mr. Eyre Crowe, of 13, Young Street, Kensington, where it was written; we have a vision of the "most charming, dazzling little lady dressed in black" who was supposed to be the prototype of Becky, and we are told who sat for Major Dobbin. We are shown the house full of those tiny box-wood blocks and etching-plates which the author loved perhaps even better than his "faithful old Gold Pen"; and we have sketches of Amelia waiting in Russell Square for little Georgy, and of the three Miss Osbornes. Then there is the chronicle of the book itself, its slow progress towards popularity and purchasers ("Vanity Fair" does everything but pay), the incidents and accidents of its composition. "Towards the end of the month," says one letter, "I got so nervous, that I don't speak to anybody scarcely, and once actually got up in the middle of the night and came down and wrote in my night-chimney; but that don't happen often, and I own that I had a nap after dinner that day." Other passages from his correspondence have a graver purport. "What I want [he writes] is to make a set of people living without God in the world (only that is a cant phrase), greedy, pompous men, perfectly satisfied for the most part; and at ease about their superior virtue. Dobbin and poor Briggs are the only two people with real humility as yet." Amelia's husband is a "scoundrel"; Amelia is selfish, but she is to be purified by love and sorrow. Then comes the end, when he has worked so hard that he can hardly hold a pen "and say God bless my dearest old mother."

This attractive introduction gives a fresh interest to the reading of the book. But the story of the birth and growth of "Vanity Fair" is not by any means its exclusive topic. With the succeeding prefaces, it should constitute a biography by instalments of the most delightful kind, enriched and interpreted by sketches and autographs. Of these latter we have now the first draft, in faultlessly neat script, of Jos Sedley's note to his sister after Vauxhall. On the opposite page you may see how effectively and artistically it was subsequently expanded. Of the original full-page plates there is a selection, including, we are glad to note, that terrible one of "Sir Pitt's Last Stage." Among the little initial *croquis* are characteristic pictures of a students' duel at Godesberg, of the author fascinated by the *beaux yeux* of the Princess of Weimar, and of the German Kean, Devrient—this last quite in the Gillray manner. There is also an excellent portrait of Mr. Thackeray himself as a frontispiece.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN CRISIS.

The long imminent peril of an outbreak of war between America and Spain upon the question of aiding the Cuban rebellion has reached its gravest stage, and there is no longer any hope of peace save by the highly improbable withdrawal of Spain from the struggle. For some days past it has been in the proceedings of the United States Congress at Washington, in its two Houses separately, the Senate and the House of Representatives, upon the President's Message sent to Congress last week, that the determination of this crisis has hung in the balance.

In the Senate on Saturday last an amendment on the recommendation of the Foreign Affairs Committee was carried by 51 votes against 37, declaring the people of Cuba free and independent, recognising the Republic of Cuba, demanding that Spain should immediately give up her sovereignty of the island and withdraw her forces, and directing the President to go to war to enforce these resolutions.

The resolutions of the House of Representatives, on the other hand, would have only authorised and empowered the President to go to war for the object of securing a pacification of Cuba and establishing a stable and independent Government there, which would allow some further opportunity for Spain to conciliate the insurgents, if that were

Señor Sagasta, the Premier, for the Queen Regent Christina, is making great preparations for war. The Cortes or Parliament reassembled at Madrid on Wednesday this week. The Spanish military force actually in Cuba is estimated at 170,000 troops, under command of Marshal Blanco, Governor and Captain-General. The harbour of Havana is strongly fortified, and there is a tolerably strong naval force, including many torpedo-boats. Efforts are being made to purchase steamers in England, but the offers, at high prices, have in several instances been refused. The defensive batteries and garrisons of Teneriffe and the Canary Islands have been considerably strengthened. Patriotic subscriptions have been opened, to which the Queen of Spain has contributed £40,000.

Popular enthusiasm is shown by various street demonstrations in the cities. At Malaga, the flag of the American Consulate was torn down by a mob, for which the Government has apologised to General Woodford, the American envoy still at Madrid. An official report on the affair of the United States war-ship *Maine*, attributing the disaster to an accidental explosion on board the ship, is published by the Spanish Government.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The round of Chinese concessions to the different European Great Powers is apparently completed by the official announcement at Paris on April 13 that France has obtained all her demands, which were, first, a port on

Maximilian of Baden, at dinner, the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, with her daughter, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden and Norway, the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, the Duchess of Albany, with her children, the Prince of Monaco, Prince Edward of Leiningen, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Zetland. The birthday of Princess Henry of Battenberg, on April 14, was kept by the royal family. On Saturday evening Princess Christian attended a ball given by the French Military Governor of Nice. Lord Salisbury had an audience of the Queen on Sunday. Our illustration shows her Majesty as an interested spectator of the children's battle of flowers at Nice. The royal carriage drew up beside the committee stand, where it formed a target for many floral missiles.

THE BARRAGE OF THE NILE.

The projected system of reservoir and dam for the storage of the waters of the Nile in Upper Egypt, with a view to the regulation of the life-giving water supply for the cultivated districts, is at last within sight of realisation. It will be remembered that the original scheme involved the submerging of the Island of Philæ and its interesting monuments for a portion of each year, and the cry of the archaeologist was heard in the land denouncing such vandalism, even though wrought on behalf of modern Egypt's material prosperity. The scheme was therefore submitted to large revision, with the result that, as



THE KING OF SAXONY.



THE QUEEN OF SAXONY.

THE SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE KING OF SAXONY.

See "Anecdotal Europe," page 592.

feasible, by offers of self-government with adequate guarantees. President McKinley had openly declared that there does not yet exist a revolutionary Provisional Government in Cuba with which he could deal.

On Monday, in the House of Representatives, the Senate resolutions were discussed, and it was resolved, by 179 votes against 155, to strike out the clause for the recognition of the Cuban Republic, but to leave the sentence, "That the people of the island of Cuba are of right, and ought to be, free and independent." The resolutions, so amended, were sent back to the Senate in the afternoon, but the Senate, by forty-six votes against thirty-two, refused to concur in the amendment. Messages passed to and fro between the two Houses, and a conference with three delegates on each side was held in the evening. It agreed, an hour after midnight, on joint resolutions, omitting the recognition of a Cuban Republic. These were almost unanimously passed by the House, and obtained forty-two votes against thirty-five in the Senate. The Senate and the House having come to an agreement, the amended resolution was sent up to the President, who was to sign it on Wednesday. Thereafter there remained but the time he would allow to Spain in his ultimatum to evacuate Cuba, a course which Spain showed no sign of adopting. The United States Government is collecting the better part of its small army, which does not exceed 25,000 regular troops, in Florida, at the points nearest to Cuba. The Militia actually enrolled in the States, which would be called upon to serve the Federal Government, number about 115,000.

Spain, in the meantime, under the administration of

the southern coast of China—namely, the Bay of Kwang-Chau-Wan, on the outer shore of the Peninsula of Lien-Chau, opposite Tonquin; secondly, an engagement never to alienate the neighbouring island of Hainan to any other foreign Power or to give other Powers any portion of the southern provinces, Quang-Si, Quang-Tung, Yunnan, and Quei-Chau; and thirdly, to allow the construction of a French railway from Tonquin to Yunnan. The British Naval Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, with his staff, was at Peking last Saturday, and was received in audience by the Tsung-li-Yamen or Imperial Ministry of State. Prince Henry of Prussia, in the German war-ship *Gefion*, arrived on the same day at Shanghai on his way to Tientsin and Peking. Japan has taken two millions sterling of the Chinese Loan by way of war indemnity previously due.

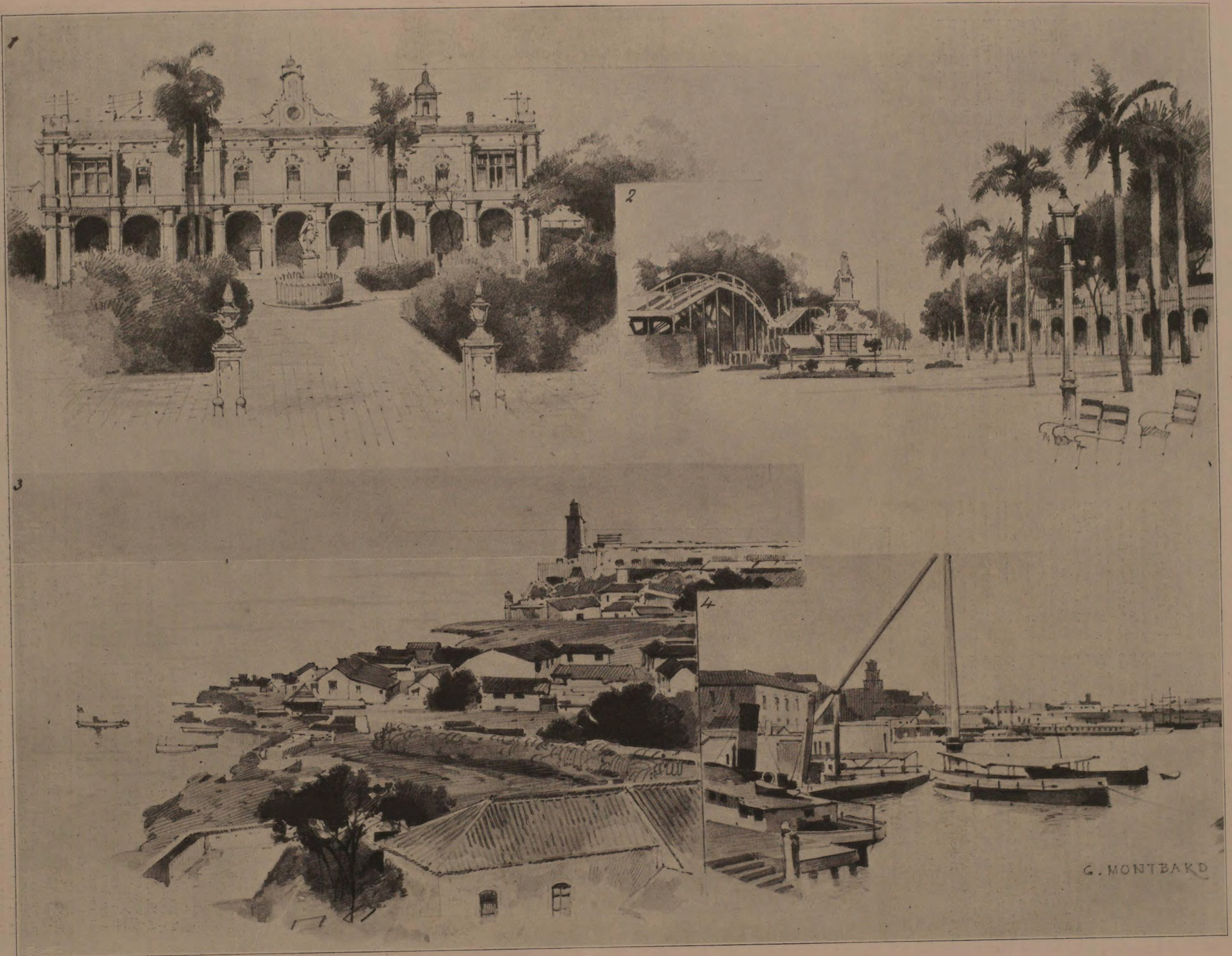
THE QUEEN IN THE RIVIERA.

The Queen was visited at Cimiez on Saturday and again two days later by her son the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who is recovering from his late illness. Her Majesty intends to be at Windsor on the last day of April, leaving Nice on the 28th, and to hold a Drawing-Room on May 10 at Buckingham Palace. The Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and by Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg, on April 13 received M. Felix Faure, President of the French Republic, and the Prince of Wales returned his visit on behalf of her Majesty. Among the Queen's other visitors have been the King of the Belgians, coming to luncheon, Prince

recently recorded in our columns, it has now been found practicable to make large concessions to the urgent cry of the agricultural districts for more water, without damage to the antiquarian value of Philæ and its ruins. The Egyptian Government has now contracted with Messrs. John Aird and Company to carry out the necessary barrage of the Nile at Assouan and Assiout within the next five years. The construction of the great dam projected will be an engineering feat of unique character. It is to be built straight across the river at the head of the Assouan cataract, measuring close upon a mile and a quarter from bank to bank. The main fabric of the dam and its system of locks will be composed of granite rubble and hydraulic mortar, the foundations of the structure being laid in solid rock granite. Another barrage will afford further control of the waters at Assiout, so that a reserve supply of water for Middle Egypt can be thence obtained in time of drought without the ten or more days' delay that would occur before even the great volume of water that could be released at Assouan would benefit the middle territory.

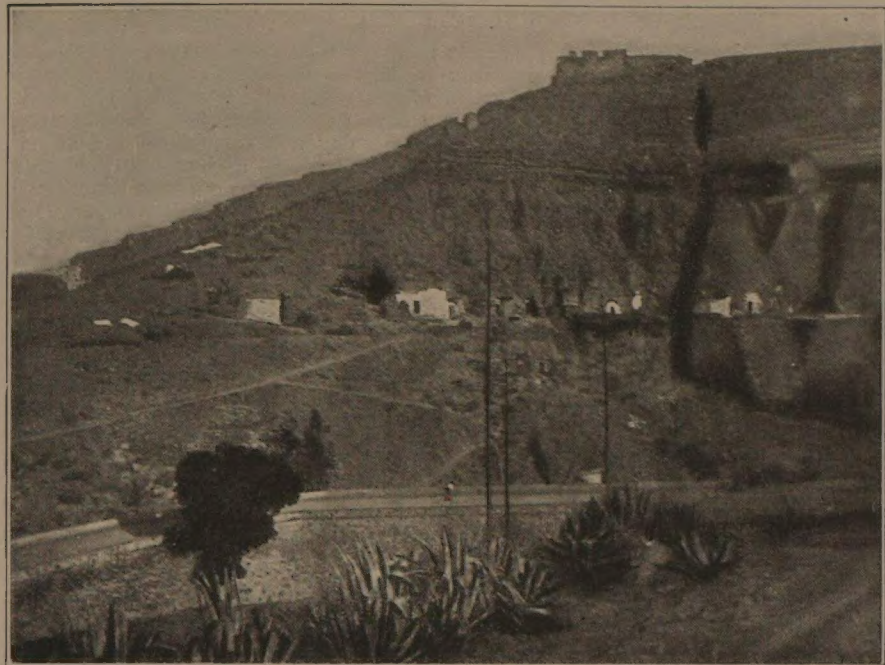
THE PLAGUE IN BOMBAY.

Plague-stricken Bombay is still in great extremities, and the resources of the sanitary authorities are heavily taxed to stay the malignant disease. The total number of deaths reported for last week showed, however, a satisfactory decrease of three hundred as compared with the previous week. At Karachi, unhappily, where it was hoped that the epidemic had been stamped out, the plague has re-asserted itself with alarming rapidity.

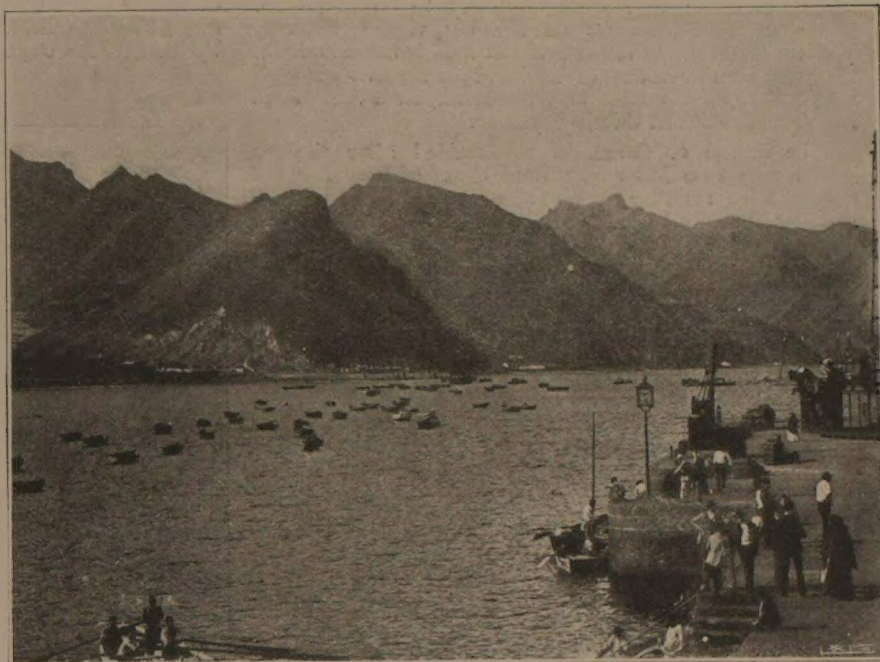


1. The Governor-General's Palace. 2. The Indian Monument. 3. Entrance to the Harbour, Morro Castle. 4. Havana Harbour.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN CRISIS: VIEWS OF THE ISLANDS OF GRAND CANARY AND TENERIFFE,
NOW BEING STOCKED WITH MILITARY STORES BY SPAIN.



FORT NEAR LAS PALMAS, GRAND CANARY.



THE MOLE, TENERIFFE.

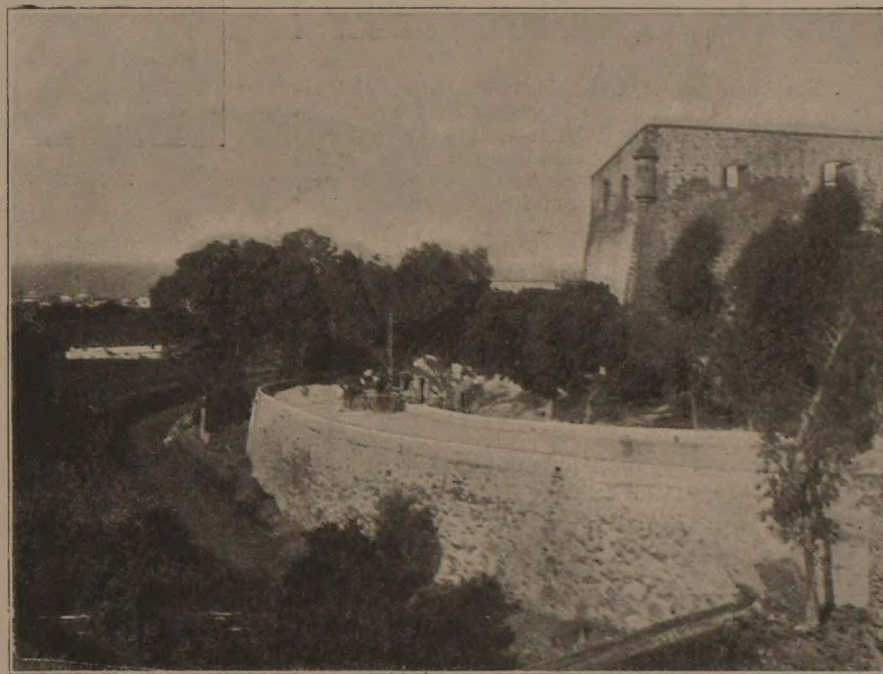
Among the preparations for war made by Spain since the situation between herself and the United States reached its most critical stage, has been the taking over by the Government authorities of all the chief public buildings and warehouses in Teneriffe and Grand Canary for the use of troops

estimated at a total of twelve thousand. The fortifications, which have been some time in progress, are being pushed on apace, and even churches are being converted into barracks and store-rooms at points where other suitable buildings are scarce. Las Palmas, capital of Grand

being strengthened with batteries at its most commanding points. The Canary Islands have been a Spanish province since the end of the fifteenth century. Their internal history goes far back into antiquity, and they are now generally supposed to be the Fortunate Islands of ancient



LAS PALMAS.



FORT AT LAS PALMAS.

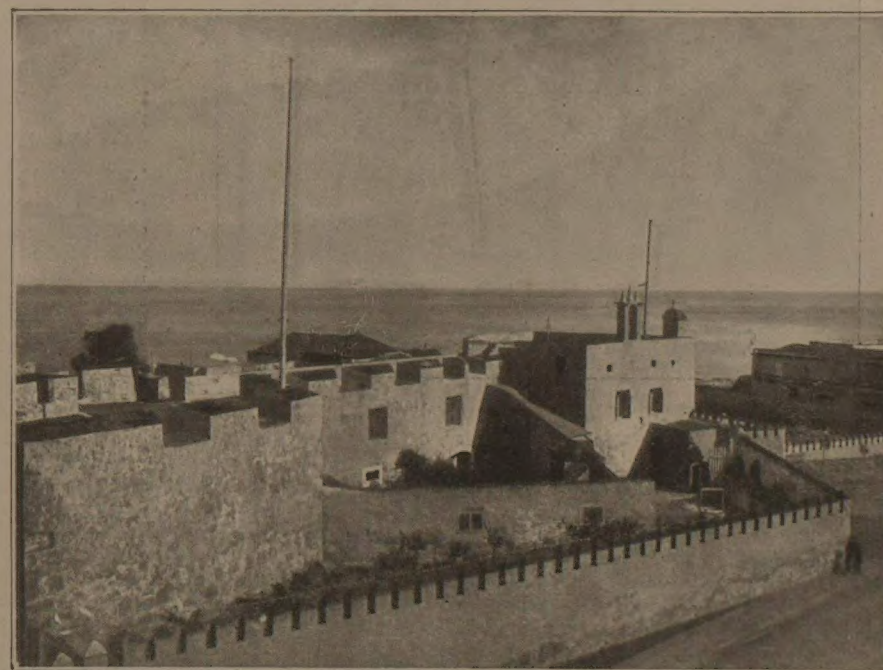
if need be, and the storage of ammunition and provisions. Large cargoes have already been landed on both islands, and further supplies are on the way. The number of Spanish troops estimated to be due at Teneriffe and Grand Canary almost immediately is

Canary, and the most important town of the Archipelago, is protected by a mountain of some height, from the top of which a powerful land battery now commands the spacious harbour, which has been constructed within the last few years. Teneriffe, the largest island of the group, is also

legend. They were known to the Phoenicians and visited by voyagers of that far-travelled nation. They have long been noted for their oil, wheat, tobacco, tropical fruits, and other products, but they now seem likely to afford a very valuable stronghold to Spain in the event of war.



SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFFE



FORT AT SANTA CRUZ.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prince of Wales left Cannes on the night of April 13, stayed in Paris from Thursday to Monday, and then came to London. The Princess of Wales, with her daughter Princess Charles of Denmark, left Copenhagen on April 14, and arrived home at Marlborough House on Friday evening; they went next day to Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses on Monday visited Princess Victoria of Wales at Cromer, and returned to Sandringham. The Duke and Duchess of York, who were at Sandringham, went this week to Portsmouth, on a visit to Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour.

The House of Commons reassembled after the Easter recess on Monday. Lord Cross addressed a Conservative meeting at Wakefield in favour of the Ministerial conduct of foreign affairs.

The Duke of Cambridge on Saturday presided at the annual meeting, held at the Royal United Service Institution, of supporters of the School for Officers' Daughters.

The collieries' strike in South Wales and Monmouthshire has continued, notwithstanding the efforts of a Conference held during several days at Cardiff to settle the disputed rate of wages; a few collieries, however, going to work again with an advance of nearly ten per cent., which has been conceded also in some districts of Scotland and of Lancashire. The iron and steel and tin-plate industries are beginning to be hindered by the want of coal. Mass meetings of the Welsh miners have refused, by large majorities of votes, to give plenary powers to their representatives at the Conference with those of the colliery masters. There are still about a hundred thousand on strike, claiming the abolition of the sliding scale of wages and a minimum of ten shillings a day.

The annual Convention of Irish landowners at Dublin, presided over by the Duke of Abercorn, last week passed resolutions protesting against the methods of valuation and reduction of rents under the Land Acts and Land Purchase Acts, and demanding, by way of relief or compensation, that the ecclesiastical tithe rent-charge be extinguished so far as possible without impairing the security for any existing charges due to the Exchequer, with facilities also for the redemption of mortgages, and for advances to the landlords on easier terms, such as those granted to tenants for the purchase of farms. The Marquis of Londonderry undertook to raise these questions in the House of Lords.

The Ambassadors of the European Powers at Constantinople have prepared Notes to be presented to the Sultan's Government, declaring that the conditions of the treaty of peace between Greece and Turkey for the war indemnity loan guaranteed by Russia, France, and Great Britain have been fulfilled, and that the Turkish troops must evacuate Thessaly within a month of this notification. The plan of forming a provisional Cretan administration, to be protected by the Admirals of the remaining foreign squadrons around that island, is still under consideration. The Crown Prince and Princess of Greece, and Prince George of Greece, left Athens on Saturday for Venice, on their way to several of the Courts of Europe, and to Denmark and England.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, with her mother, the Queen Regent, arrived in Paris last week, and would go to visit the Duchess of Albany at Cannes. Their Majesties breakfasted with the President of the French Republic and Madame Faure at the Elysée. The young

much trouble to the British military force at Port Lokko. A detachment of the West India Regiment, escorting a party of carriers, has been intercepted on its route through the bush, and lost about fifty men killed, wounded, and missing, the carriers having fled; two officers are said to have been killed, and two seriously wounded. Major Tarbet's force was holding out at Karene towards the end of March. Bey Burie had captured and put to death the district native chief who had been recognised as local ruler by the British Commissioner. In the fighting at Karene,

The Post Office has issued a notice setting forth a revision of rates for registration and compensation for loss of Inland Postal packets. The amount of compensation ensured by payment of twopence is to be five pounds, one penny more securing ten pounds, with an increase of ten pounds for each additional penny up to fourteenpence. This new scale will come into working order on May Day.

A disastrous fire broke out on Tuesday morning in one of the shafts of the Whitwick Colliery, in Leicestershire, resulting in the loss of no less than thirty-five lives. The men of the night shift found the shaft to be on fire just before dawn, when they would have been relieved by the day miners. When the alarm was given, the fire had gained such a hold upon the shaft that only five of the men were able to make good their escape, and even the two lads who were sent to warn the miners perished in the flames before they could be rescued. The assistant manager of the mine and others descended the shaft, but were unable to rescue the unfortunate men.

We much regret that the photograph which we reproduced last week as that of Second Lieutenant Paul Alexander Gore, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who lost his life in the Battle of Atbara on Good Friday, was erroneously given as a portrait of that young officer.

THE CANTELUPE PATEN.

The ancient silver paten, of which an illustration is here given, was found in Worcester Cathedral within the stone coffin of Walter de Cantelupe, Bishop of Worcester, in 1236, and has now been restored to its original use in the celebration of the Holy Communion. The number of patens similarly found in the tombs of Bishops suggests that in mediæval times it must have been the custom to bury with a Bishop the paten employed by him in the services of his cathedral. Several patens found in episcopal tombs are to be seen in York Minster.

HIGHGATE ARCHWAY.

Highgate Hill has long remained a sort of fortress for those who object to the invasion of the villa. If there is one thing the Londoner dislikes more than another it is inaccessibility. Thus the slopes of the hill only have been covered with houses. The summit remains select. This, indeed, was much more true ere Archway Road was made, and the famous bridge thrown across it eighty-six years ago. The first proposal was to tunnel the hill right through to the flatter Finchley; but the bridge was finally settled on. Its construction, thirty-six feet above the road, was regarded as an engineering feat of the first importance. The bridge, which was built of stone, was eighteen feet wide, the foundation-stone having been laid in October 1812. But 1898 has found the structure, marvellous as it may have been in its day, inadequate, and thus it is that the new bridge was decided on by the County Council.

A HORSE-CLOTH FOR UGANDA.

A special pattern of clothing, designed by Mr. R. J. Sturdy, Veterinary Officer, Uganda Transport, is to be worn by riding ponies night and day while passing through the "fly district" on the road from Mombasa to Uganda. It consists of a head-piece and body-piece only, and the eyes and nostrils of the animal are protected by mosquito netting. An illustration of this latest horse-cloth is here



HIGHGATE ARCHWAY, TO BE DEMOLISHED.

Drawn by H. T. Spurl.

Major Tarbet, of the Frontier Police, has been slightly wounded, and Major Donovan, of the Army Service Corps, seriously; the Rev. W. J. Humphrey is missing, supposed to have been killed.

The military operations in the Egyptian Soudan are likely to pause until the end of July, when the Nile will have risen high enough to facilitate a further advance of Sir Herbert Kitchener's army towards Khartoum. Newspaper special correspondents are leaving the front. The Sirdar, with part of his staff, has been a few days at Assouan, to confer with officials of the Khedive's War Department, but returns to Berber without visiting Cairo.

Reports from the front, sent by Slatin Pasha, show the recent defeat of the Dervish army under Mahmoud, on the Atbara, to have been one of crushing severity, nearly half his followers being killed or wounded. His lieutenant, Osman Digna, with that portion of the force which escaped pursuit, has retreated to the wells of Um Shedida, between Adarama and Abu Delek, but must be destitute of supplies.

An incursion of twelve thousand Turkomans from the Persian border territory into the Russian dominion of Transcaspiana, plundering the villages of the Turkoman tribes under Russian protection, and killing some of the Russian frontier guards, has lately been reported. The Russian Governor has sent a battalion of infantry, with a battery of light artillery, to defend its frontier, warning Persia that such raids may render it needful to assemble larger masses of troops there, and to subdue the lawless bands of Turkoman marauders.

The opening of the railway, about one hundred miles long, by which traffic will evade the cataracts of the Congo below Stanley Pool, took place on March 16; and Mr. H. M. Stanley, the first explorer and discoverer of the course of that great river, who was also the projector of this railway when he managed the affairs of the Congo Free State Company, may well be congratulated on such an important success. He received the official report of it a few days ago from Major Thys, the Belgian managing director of the railway.

The prospect of war between Spain and the United States has already had the effect of sending up prices in the English corn market. At Slenford, in Lincolnshire, at the beginning of the week, the price of wheat rose with a brisk trade to forty-one shillings a quarter, the highest figure reached in Lincolnshire for many a year.



SILVER PATEN FOUND IN THE TOMB OF WALTER DE CANTELUPE, BISHOP OF WORCESTER, 1236.

Queen's eighteenth birthday, on Aug. 31, is the date of her coming of age, to be immediately followed by her coronation ceremonies at the Hague and Amsterdam. Her betrothal to Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, as expected, would then be announced.

In West Africa, the insurrection of some negro tribes, led by a chieftain named Bey Burie, in the Karene district of the interior territories of Sierra Leone, continues to give



"DRESSING" PONIES FOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE TSETSE FLY.

From a Photograph by Lieutenant T. Pelham Johnson, Army Service Corps.

given from a photograph supplied us by Lieutenant T. Pelham-Johnson, one of the Army Service Corps' officers now with the Uganda Transport. The value of the new horse-cloth will, it is expected, prove of great service in the transport work which plays so prominent a part in the extension of the Uganda railway, and the general opening up of the country to British enterprise. Hitherto there has been great difficulty in working beasts of burden in the district, owing to the persistency and virulence of the fly pest.

PERSONAL.

The Army has lost a distinguished Indian veteran in General Henry Stuart Man, who died at Surbiton on Easter Day, aged eighty-two. His first war service was in the Goomsoor Campaign of 1835, his last was in Burma in 1853. He will, however, be best remembered as an administrator and governor, for it fell to his lot to hoist our flag over the Andaman Islands in 1858, and he annexed the Nicobar group ten years later. In the interval he had held charge at Prince of Wales Island, and was ruling the Straits Settlements when they were transferred from the Indian to the Imperial authorities. On the occasion of his departure from Singapore he was presented with an address and testimonial subscribed to by all classes, native as well as European, in token "of the esteem in which he was held" publicly and privately. He retired from the active list in 1871, when the value of his forty years' work was cordially acknowledged in a minute by the Governor-General of India in Council. General Man was of striking presence but of retiring disposition, and was trusted and beloved by all who had the privilege of his intimacy. Full of devotion to his country and his duty, he was proud of his Highland blood, and ever held himself a true son of the royal clan—Stuart being the original patronymic of his race. The veteran soldier leaves a son in the Indian Service, who has already distinguished himself as an Oriental scholar, and is at present Deputy-Superintendent at Port Blair.

Viscount Oxenbridge died last Saturday morning at the British Embassy in Paris, where his brother, the Hon. Sir Edmund Monson, is our Ambassador. William John Monson, the first Viscount Oxenbridge, was also the seventh Baron Monson, and eleventh Baronet. Born in 1827, he graduated B.A. at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1848, and entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1858, sitting for Reigate till 1862, when he succeeded to the family peerage. As Treasurer of the Queen's Household and as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard he did his duty so well that Mr. Gladstone, with a not too extended list of candidates, had no difficulty in selecting him to be Master of the Horse in 1892, an office he held for two years. He was one of the Liberal Whips in the House of Lords, and a Deputy Speaker, so that he did duty for his step in advance in the peerage. He married in 1869 a daughter of the third Lord Hawarden and widow of the second Earl of Yarborough, but leaves no children. The new Viscounty, therefore, becomes extinct; while the Monson Barony devolves on the late peer's brother, the Hon. Debonnaire John Monson, who was born in 1830, and has served as Sergeant-at-Arms to the Queen, and as Equerry to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

The Hon. Captain Brand, son of the late Lord Hampden, has the fortune to possess not only a wife who once "sang him into Parliament," but a remarkably pretty old Sussex manor-house named Glynde Place. It was his father's favourite seat, and it has caught the eye of Lord Wolseley, who likes it so much that he has rented it for a term of years.

Mr. William Ogilvie, the well-known surveyor of the Yukon District, was the first Dominion Government official appointed in the newly discovered gold-fields of the Klondike. Mr. Ogilvie's experience both as explorer and surveyor in this wonderful region is unique, and his illustrated lectures recently given before the Geographical Societies of London and Edinburgh and shortly to be reproduced in London at St. James's Hall have awakened very considerable interest not only in the minds of those interested in travel for adventure's sake, but in commercial circles on the watch for a fresh outlet for pent-up energies.

Primrose Day could not be kept for the seventeenth time without bringing forward afresh the long-felt regret that no biography of Lord Beaconsfield has been forthcoming. Lord Rowton, alluded to in Lord Beaconsfield's will as "Montagu Corry, Esq., my friend and private secretary," is the sole literary executor, to whose discretion all the papers and letters relating to this most interesting career were devised, to be burned or published as he should think fit. The modest sum of £500 was set aside out of first profits by Lord Beaconsfield for the reward of the biographer; any surplus proceeds to go to the estate

for the benefit of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli. Nobody, we may suppose, has quite as good a right as he to be anxious about the appearance of the volumes, for which publishers may well be ready to offer sums approaching £10,000. The correspondence between Lord Beaconsfield and the Queen will be one of the most interesting and curious features of the biography if and when it is ever published. At present the MSS. are all lying at Rothschild's Bank, where they have been untouched for years.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach unveiled the bust of Lord Randolph Churchill in the members' corridor leading into the inner lobby of the House of Commons. The bust, executed by Mr. Waldo Storey, is an excellent likeness of Lord Randolph in the better days before he wore a beard. The ceremonial of unveiling was made the occasion for a display of that fine generosity which is the best quality of our public life. Sir Michael Hicks Beach's audience was composed of men of all parties, some of them vehement opponents of Lord Randolph in his lifetime. This sentiment is what makes our party system unique, for it is impossible to imagine such a tribute to a great party leader in any other country as was paid to Lord Randolph Churchill's memory.

The Rev. James MacArthur, Vicar of All Saints', South Acton, who has been raised to the bishopric of Bombay as successor to Dr. Mylne, who recently resigned his diocese, was called to the Bar before he took holy orders. As Vicar of All Saints he has been a very popular man in South Acton, and has taken a vigorous interest in all local affairs. He is Chairman of the School Board, and has held offices of all kinds with singular success, a good training for the diverse responsibilities of the great diocese of Bombay and Aden. By an interesting coincidence, the parish of All Saints has proved a stepping-stone to two colonial bishoprics in the past few years, for the present Bishop of Quebec was chosen from the same living.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, who has been in America for some months, will come to London, perhaps to settle, early in May. With Mrs. Stevenson will come Mr. Lloyd Osborne and Mrs. Strong.

A notable Churchman has passed away in the person of the Rev. Edward Jones Brewster, who recently died at Cape Town in his eighty-sixth year. Dr. Brewster was nephew to the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Hon. Abraham Brewster. In early life he was a barrister-at-law, and pleaded his first case under his uncle. Soon afterwards he went to Melbourne, where he was eventually made the first Judge in that city. After five years' residence in Melbourne, during which time he laid the stone of the first bridge over the Yarra, received the first Bishop, dined with the late Sir John and Lady Franklin, and passed some laws, etc., he returned to England, became a gentleman Commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, studied for the Church of England, and was ordained just forty-four years ago. In 1880, under doctor's orders, he retired from Leyton, of which important parish he was Vicar from 1873 to 1880. Dr. Brewster was also patron of the living. Dr. Brewster has appointed Mrs. Brewster, the Simeon Trustees, and the Rev. James Lunt, now Vicar of Walcot, Bath, but formerly his successor at Leyton, to be patrons of this mother parish of Leyton, with its other parishes in the gift of its Vicar. Dr. Brewster published a book of sermons under the title of "The Girdle of Truth," when he was over eighty years of age, and he has left much more matter for publication. For some ten years past he had presided over Bible readings held in a tent on the lawn of his garden at Eastbourne throughout the summer months, and only a few days before his death he was arranging, through Mrs. Brewster, for another series of readings to be held during the coming summer, after his return from South Africa. He preached on board the steamer going out to the Cape last November, and he was much interested in all philanthropic work in South Africa. Late in life, Dr. Brewster married a daughter of the late Evan Leigh, C.E., of Manchester.

After twenty years of service Mr. C. L. Eastlake is retiring from the post of Keeper of the National Gallery. The many lovers and students of art who are indebted to Mr. Eastlake for his courteous consideration of their claims upon his services in the past have, therefore, subscribed for a testimonial, which was to be formally

presented to him at the National Gallery in the course of the present week.

Another victim to pneumonia following on influenza has been found in the person of a brave veteran, Major-General William Pope Collingwood, C.M.G., late Royal Scots Fusiliers. In the rebellion of 1848 in Ceylon and at the siege and fall of Sebastopol he took his part; and when the steamer *Spartan*, carrying troops for the Crimea, was wrecked on the Dog Rocks, on the coast of Africa, Captain Collingwood received the brevet rank of Major to reward him for "the proofs given of the high courage and discipline on that fearful night." During the latter part of the Zulu War General Collingwood was in command of the 2nd Brigade of the 2nd Division, and he again had a sea adventure when the steamship *City of Paris* was wrecked on entering Simon's Bay, and when he satisfactorily superintended the transfer of his battalion. His death took place on Easter Monday at Slough.

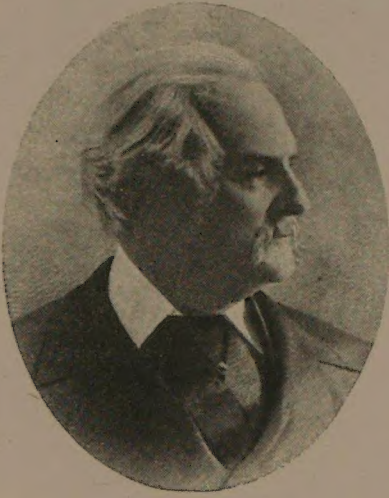
Sir Frederick Pollock proposes an Anglo-American alliance on the basis of the Monroe Doctrine. This looks strange at first sight, but Sir Frederick's argument is that Great Britain, like the United States, is a great American Power, and is interested in the exclusion from American waters of any European influence that is hostile to American or British interests. It is significant that Congress has chosen the present moment for considering the propriety of paying the damages due to Great Britain under the Behring Sea Award.

A nice question of international law is raised by the quarrel between the United States and Spain. Neither of those Powers was a party to the Declaration of Paris, which abolished privateering. Suppose Spanish or American privateers should claim the right to board British ships in search of American goods? Sir George Baden Powell is for treating such procedure as an act of war. The matter is complicated by the fact that, even under the Declaration of Paris, a belligerent has the right of search for contraband of war on a neutral vessel. The whole question bristles with difficulties, though it is probable that both American and Spanish war-ships will be chary of meddling with any vessel that sails under the British flag.

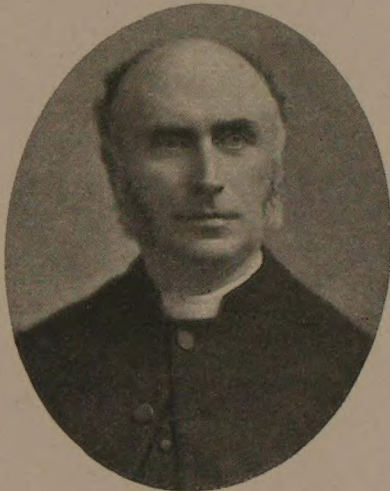
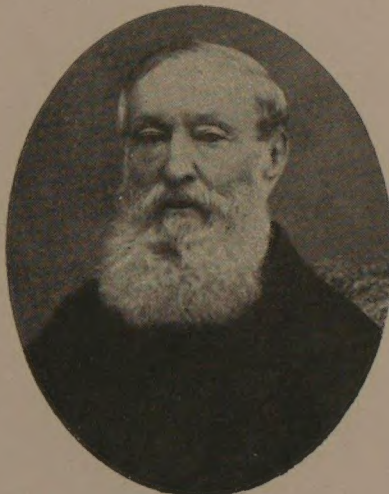
The House of Commons ought to do justice to the families of the officers who were slain by the French at Waima. In December 1894 there was a conflict between a French exploration party and a British detachment on territory which was certified to be British by Colonel Ellis twenty-four hours later. The French were the aggressors, but the Government of the Republic has refused redress. So far the Foreign Office has declined either to press this point on the French Government or to grant compensation to the widows of the dead officers. Surely this is a case in which merely official scruples might be gracefully waived. We have been compensating French priests in Uganda. Why should our own kith and kin be deemed unworthy of the same treatment?

London has lost a potent champion of its weekly half-holiday by the death of Mr. Edward Kennedy, who for close upon thirty years acted as secretary of the Early Closing Association. In the course of that long period Mr. Kennedy had the satisfaction of seeing a large development of the cause to which he devoted unflagging energy. His own services were recognised some time ago by a testimonial from a very representative body of interested Londoners. Down to the close of his life, at the age of seventy-five, Mr. Kennedy continued to devote much thought and influence to all questions connected with the relief of over-worked London.

Sir Francis Seymour Haden has made a strong protest against cremation, on the ground that it must tend to encourage crime. He produces a formidable list of cases in which death by poison has been discovered only by exhumation. If bodies are burnt, how is this subtle devilry to be traced? Worse still, if an imputation of crime falls on an innocent person, how is the innocence to be proved? Sir Henry Thompson, who is one of the foremost advocates of cremation, replies that precautions can be taken by a medical examination of the body before it is cremated. Some regulation would have to be rigorously enforced. But at present the universal adoption of cremation seems remote.



THE LATE GENERAL HENRY MAN.

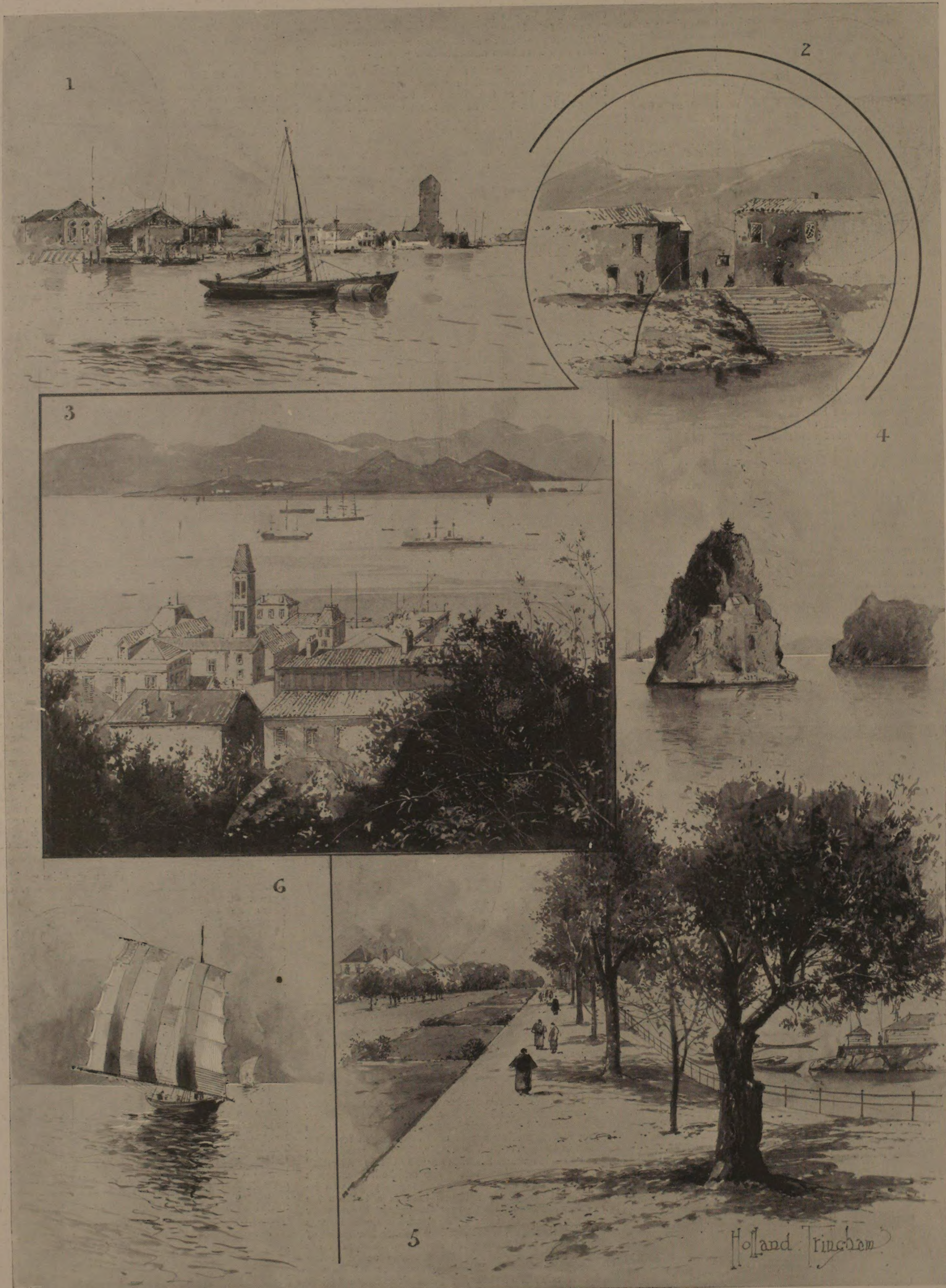
THE RIGHT REV. J. MACARTHUR,
Bishop of Bombay.

THE LATE REV. EDWARD JONES BREWSTER, LL.D.



MR. WILLIAM OGILVIE.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL
W. P. COLLINGWOOD, C.M.G.THE LATE MR. EDWARD KENNEDY,
Secretary of the Early Closing Association.



1. Wuhu, one of the small Treaty Ports: a great Missionary Centre. 2. A Warning to Evildoers: a Criminal's Head Exposed in a Wooden Cage. 3. Kowloon, Viewed from Hong-Kong. 4. "The Little Orphan," in the Yangtse-Kiang, covered with Joss-houses. 5. The Bund, Hankow. 6. A Life-boat Junk before the Wind.

THE CHINESE QUESTION: SCENES IN THE YANGTSE-KIANG DISTRICT.

From Sketches by Lieutenant F. C. Osborn, R.N., H.M.S. "Pembroke."



THE SERGEANT OF THE GUARD BY P.Y. BLACK.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTBARD.

I.

CORPORAL HEALY rose when the second bottle of beer had been opened, commanded silence, and leaned his fingers on the little table of Mother Revell's kitchen in the manner of an accustomed after-dinner speaker.

"Ye'll excuse me bowldniss," said he, "but Oi'm affther roisin' te perpouse hilt an' long loife to Misthress Revell—an' sure Oi'd betther be namin' her Mother Revell at onct, fur it's that the whole rigimint names her, more power to her."

"Hear, hear!" cried the newly made sergeant, patting his mother's wrinkled hand, a hand of a boiled-looking white, from much laundry work in the old troop.

"Good boy, Healy!" cried old Fin Strait, the farrier. "Wait till I get a pencil to report that speech."

"Ye're an ignorant ould blatherskite, Fin; yez couldn't report nothin'. Whut wud the loike o' youse be doin' wid a pincil?" the corporal asked, grinning. "Shut yer face till Oi be through spakin'. Martin, me son, yez be young te be a sargint; but, faith! it's natural yez shud jump over me, who's bin corp'ril an' bruk an' corp'ril an' bruk in the rigimint tin toines over. It's iver bin me plisint practice, Martin, an' yer mother's, too, te tache a promisin' young non-com. the roight way to do his duty, which has bin fruitful uv thrubble an' foightin' owin' to the consated frishness uv young non-coms. ginerally, who think they know it all. But youse wuz bor-rn wid the throop, an' cud larn his drill te any Johnnie-come-lately from Wist Pint. An' fur them manifowld blessin's, Martin—sure Oi shud say, Sargint Revell—yez'll thank yer mother. Fur why? She's bin the bist frind uv ivry man in the ould throop since youse wuz in frocks, me son. She's saved miny a wan frum a bobtail discharge, an' miny a wan frum hell, God bliss her. An' what we wudn't do fur Mother Revell an' her boy ain't worth doin', begab an' begob! That's all, an' now yez can blow off all the gas ye've a mind to, Fin Strait, fur Oi'm through wid me spakin'."

"Hear, hear!" old Fin croaked. "I'm no orator like Healy, Mrs. Revell, because I've nothin' to say. Only we're here to wet Martin's stripes, so we'll open another bottle to his health. He was a bugler when he was sixteen and a corporal at twenty, and now he's a sergeant at twenty-two, and there's not a man jealous of him either. Martin, I spanked you when you was small for the love of you, and I'm proud to think them spankings helped to make a man of you. Keep on, my

son, an' you'll be first sergeant of the old troop in another year, like your father before you."

"Achoo!"

Healy was seized with an attack of sneezing, so that he buried his face in his handkerchief. Little Mother Revell's tanned and wrinkled face whitened and she looked reproachfully at the farrier with big, grey, sorrowful eyes. Fin himself turned red and opened several bottles of beer in his confusion.



G. MONTBARD.

The next instant the sentry lay on the snow and the prisoner had the carbine.

"And I'll bet my father made a good one," said the young sergeant. "Eh, mother? You never tell me much about him."

"It was so long ago, dear," the laundress answered in a whisper.

There came a rap on the door, peremptory and official, and Martin rose and opened it, letting into the room a shiver-compelling gust of wind and a whirl of snow.

"Halloa, Seddon!" he cried. "What's up? Come in!"

A snow-bespattered orderly, coated and befurred, entered with a stamping of overshoes.

"With the major's compliments to Mrs. Revell," he said formally, "and he knows when stripes should be wetted."

The orderly grinned and placed two bottles of wine on the table, and dashed out again to resume his post at the house of the major commanding.

Tears sprang to Mother Revell's eyes, and her son reddened with pleasure.

"How kind of the old major!" she said. "He's been a good friend to me. To think he should remember your promotion, Martin."

"Ah! it's you he remembers, mother," cried Martin. "Do you think he forgets how you nursed him when the Apaches gave him that bullet in the ribs?"

"Faith," Healy muttered, "an' maybe he moinds further back than that, me boy, whin he was only a sargint hisself in the war, a' yer mother nursed more nor him through the bullet fever."

"Healy!" cried Mother Revell nervously.

"Mam," said the long-legged, red-haired corporal, "shall I be after openin' a bottle of wine?"

"Is it shampeen?" cried the farrier excitedly; "or, maybe, sherry wine?"

"Pass me the bottle, Fin, av ye please," said Healy, "and Oi'll be after tellin' yez. It's naythur. It's port—an old-fashioned gentleman's wine. Misthress Revell, me grandfather had dozens uv it in his castle in th' ould country."

"Give it here!" the farrier cried, waving a corkscrew.

"Fin Strait," said the corporal, suddenly snatching it, while he frowned upon his friend, "in a matther of this gintility, ye'll be koind enough to remimber me rank is shuperior to yours." And he opened the bottle with dignity.

They had but once sipped the unwonted liquor, and were beginning to comment upon its taste, when again there came a rap upon the door, a rap as peremptory and official as the first. Fin Strait, fearful of intrusively thirsty throats, hid the second bottle promptly, and Mother Revell drew nearer the stove, away from the draught of the opening door. Again the snow drifted in as Martin Revell answered the knock, and again a snow-bespattered orderly entered. This time it was the orderly trumpeter from the sergeant-major's office.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Revell," he said. "Order from the adjutant's office, sergeant."

"Helloa!" shouted the sergeant, reading the order. "Paymaster coming up from Fort Nickerson, Healy."

"It's time," growled the corporal. "It's stony I am."

"Mother, I'm in charge of the escort to meet him at Wolf Creek—start right away—meet him to-morrow noon. That breaks up our party."

"Aw!" the farrier cried. "The sergeant-major don't know how to run a roster. It's not your turn."

"Junior sergeant heads the list," said the orderly briefly. "Thank you, Mrs. Revell—your health! My word! Wine? You're tony!"

"I'll report at the office with my men and escort wagon in half an hour," said the sergeant. "Good night, mother!"

"It's a bitter cold night for escort duty," said Mother Revell anxiously. "Wear all your furs, Martin, and take as many blankets as you can manage for camp. Wait, I'll fill a flask of the major's port."

"She knows it all," Fin Strait murmured admiringly, toasting his toes at the stove. "She's an old war-horse is your mother, Martin. Good-bye! We'll finish the wine-drinkin'. Good luck to you."

Mother Revell let her tall boy out, kissing him good-night; and returned with a shiver to the fire.

"Mam," said the farrier softly, "I beg your pardon for that slip about his father. I forgot."

"Hush!" said Mother Revell, paling. "There's only you and Healy and the major left that knows the truth of it. The boy need never know. Come, you've all given toasts but me. Here's mine: 'The new sergeant; may he never know trouble.'"

There was a tear in her eye as she sipped the wine.

The harness of the six-mule team shook merrily in the moonlight, but the wheels of the escort wagon were almost soundless in the deep snow. The wind tossed up great drifts, through which the mules plunged with snorting breath—breath that passed out on the freezing air in white clouds. Round and round, all about: west, where the foothills cuddled close to the mountains, north, east, and south, there was nothing to be seen but the soft white moonlight falling upon the bolder white of the flat and snowy plains. The escort, not yet appeased at their fortune in being turned out for such duty on so cold a night, growled within the canvas covering of the wagon

or tried to sleep. The night passed thus, monotonously, and it was nearly dawn when the junior sergeant awoke and was softly called by the teamster in front. They were fording an ice-stream at a bend where the creek split and broke about a wooded island, a bushy strip of land some twenty yards broad. The grey-bearded citizen-driver jerked his fur hat toward the isle.

"D'ye mind, Martin, when you was a kid at the post-school, and the paymaster's clerk was brought in dead, and the money gone? 'Twas here they done it—Wild Horse Bend."

"I remember something of it," Martin answered; "ten or twelve years back. One of them was shot. There's never been any trouble up here since, has there?"

"Nop," said the teamster, yawning.

All day they made camp and rested their mules at Wolf Creek; lit a roaring fire and ate steaks from an antelope a lucky shot had gathered in. At noon there dashed up, with a clatter of harness and a cloud of crisp snow, the paymaster's ambulance, and, behind it, the escort from Fort Nickerson. The impatient officer, anxious to get on, announced his intention of resting just long enough to feed and refresh his team and then riding through the night, and paying off next day.

Once more the escort climbed into their wagon, shortly before sunset, but now they had to dispense with the canvas shelter and keep broadly awake, following closely the paymaster's lighter ambulance, precious with the treasure of two months' pay for four hundred men. The moonlight was gone; grey clouds had sullenly been driven up by the scouring wind. The snow drifted so thickly that the air looked as in a snowstorm. By ten at night, when they came to Wild Horse Bend, the teamsters were pressing forward their teams and thinking of blizzards. The escort was fifty yards behind, when the ambulance mules slowed down and began to ford the stream at the island. The soldiers' sore eyes were weary, facing the wind and piercing the darkness, and the teamster was too cold to swear much as he urged his wagon after the lighter vehicle. They were but a few yards behind, when from the bushes of the isle sounded the quick crack of a rifle, and the ambulance driver gave first a cry of pain and then a tempest of curses. The echo of the first shot still rang in the wood, when "bing, bing!" replied the revolvers of the ready paymaster and his clerk. Somebody shouted a command, and four dark forms leaped from the brush.

"Hands up! Grab that bag, Jack, on the front seat! Hands up, curse you! Quick!"

"Drop that bag!" cried the paymaster. "Sergeant!"

And then came a dreadful scream as a pistol cracked at his eye and he fell back dead.

The soldiers were out of the wagon, plunging through the drifts, and even as the paymaster fell Sergeant Revell discharged his carbine and dashed to the rescue, followed by the men. At the ambulance the clerk was fighting furiously; the precious bag he had thrown between his feet. Then the soldiers were upon them, and it was all over. The robbers had not been quick enough in their daring dash. The man at the heads of the plunging mules slipped off first, and the other three dashed across the half-frozen water at sight of the blue and belted overcoats. The squad fired a volley after them, futile in the storm and darkness; but Sergeant Revell suddenly darted from the others, plunging knee-deep into the creek. One of the outlaws had slipped and stumbled in the stream. In a breath the agile lad was on top of him, and struggling, choking, half drowned, but clinging like bulldogs, the two men rolled over the pebbly bottom. Martin held fast, and quickly others came to his assistance with ropes. In a few minutes the prisoner, bound cruelly tight, lay at the bottom of the wagon, a mat for the soldier's feet, and the teams were away at a swift trot for the post, the pay-chest safe, but the paymaster murdered.

II.

Mother Revell, old campaigner and fearless of weathers, pulled on a warmly lined pair of rubber boots that showed honestly beneath her sensibly short skirts, wrapped a warm shawl over her head and shoulders, and ventured boldly away from her little cottage by the creek, plodding through the knee-deep snow. The blizzard which the teamster had scented afar had blown past, and again the wind was stilled, so that the drifts lay motionless, freezing crisply in the moonless night. No. 1 on the guard-house porch, beyond the lines of barracks and officers' houses, lonely in its grimness, saw her coming, a cloth-covered basket on her arm, and challenged her with smiling ceremony.

"Who comes there?" he cried, and she answered cheerily, "A friend."

"You bet you are, Mother Revell," said the sentry, and helped her on to the porch. "Want to see the sergeant?"

He opened the guard-room door and pushed her gently in.

"Another prisoner for you, sergeant," he said, and grinned.

"Halloa, Mother!" cried the sergeant of the guard, coming forward from his little office bed-room. "What brings you out in the snow?"

"It's Mother Revell!" the troopers called out, throwing aside cards and jumping from their bunks, "and a basket! What's in the basket?"

"I thought," said the little gentle-eyed woman, who, for all her long, rough life with the army, could yet blush pleasantly—"I thought as it was Martin's first guard as a sergeant, you boys wouldn't mind if I just fixed you all a lunch, seeing it's so cold."

The sergeant laughed, and gave the little woman a boy's hard squeeze.

"You ought to be brevetted colonel!" screeched the young trumpeter.

"Ach! Mutter Revell! Why vas you not Secretary of War made alretty?" a Dutchman grunted.

No. 1 poked his head in at the door anxiously.

"Make them keep some for me, Mrs. Revell," he cried earnestly. "I've half an hour yet to freeze out here."

Hot mince-pies and a can of better than mess-room coffee came from the big basket, and the soldiers ate with boisterous good-humour. Mrs. Revell sat on the edge of a trunk and eyed them comfortably. She knew them all; knew many of their secrets, as she had known recruit and veteran, private and sergeant of the old troop for twenty years and more. Her quick grey eyes glanced from one to the other motherly.

"Brown," she said, "is them your best boots? Mind you draw a new pair next clothing issue. You'll be on the sick report with pneumonia if you don't take care. Billy McNab, how's your arm? Thought you knew better than let your horse throw you. Have you got enough coffee, Martin, boy?"

"How, mother?"

Mrs. Revell glanced at the barred and closed door of the common prison-room.

"Mayn't they have some, poor things?"

"Oh, we're empty to-night, mother. There's only old Barney Constable—the usual thing—and he's sleeping it off."

"Poor old Barney! I doubt but they'll bobtail him in the end. Where's the—the stage robber?" she whispered.

"Skulking in his cell there. I guess they'll ship him off to the civil authorities soon if the roads open up. If it hadn't been for the blizzard they'd have sent him before this. We've had him five days now, and the adjutant don't like the responsibility of keeping such a desperate murderer in this old wooden shack."

Mother Revell had a little of a woman's curiosity, and a great deal of a woman's tenderness.

"He must be cold in that dark cell," she murmured.

"Won't you give him a mug of hot coffee?"

"He'd only growl and refuse it."

"Let me," said Mother Revell, with innate Red Cross proclivities.

She took the tin cup and filled it steaming full, and took as well a piece of pie. With these she stepped lightly along the dark corridor to the farthest cell, a dark and chilly dungeon, utterly lonesome, securely barred. She paused timidly a foot away from the grating. By the smoky light of the oil lamp in the corridor she made out to see a bundle of blankets in the far corner.

"Would you like a cup of coffee and a piece of hot pie?" asked Mother Revell.

The blanket was slipped from a shaggy, grey-haired, grey-bearded head, and two eyes, red-shot, stared out.

"I've brought you a cup—"

The blankets were tossed aside, and the prisoner made a spring at the bars. His lips were apart in surprise, his hands shook, his eyes were eager.

"Good Lord! Are you still with the boys?" he whispered.

The mug of coffee shook in Mother Revell's hand until much of the draught was spilled on the worn-out boards, but Mother Revell had courage and wit and presence of mind, developed by her unusual training. She neither screamed nor fainted, but her breath came pantingly.

"You, again!" she whispered at last, and they were silent, staring at each other, the man with an astonished, half-pleased smile, the woman white and dazed. At last she found herself, and pushed the coffee and pie between the bars.

"Drink it!" she murmured. "I shall see you again."

He nodded to her and gulped the hot drink down and took the pie.

Mother Revell had been gone but two minutes when she came back to the guard-room.

"Did that brute frighten you?" cried Martin. "You are white as your apron."

"Hush, Martin," said the old lady with a shiver. "Don't call him that. It was only the dark and the cold of that lonely cell that frightened me."

"Ha, ha!" the troopers laughed. "A veteran of the war frightened by the dark! Oh, Mother Revell!"

The delicate flush, so readily provoked on Mrs. Revell's cheek, saved her pallor from being again noticed.

"Has the major seen him?" she asked quietly of her son.

"No, only the adjutant, but the fellow's cute. He won't talk. Nobody is allowed to see him. Angels of Mercy are, of course, excepted."

He patted his mother's cheek, and she tried to laugh, then took her basket and bade them all good-night and a quiet guard. She walked steadily home, tramping bravely through the drifts, answering cheerily enough the greetings of a party of officers she met as they came out of the club, but, once home, she locked and barred the door.

put out the light, and sat, her face hidden in her hands, until morning, by the stove.

Before the bugles sounded reveille round the white counterpane on the parade-ground she was up and busy, poking into odd corners for something she frowningly sought. At last she found it, a little steel tool, and she slipped it in the bosom of her dress. She fed the stove, and made coffee again and filled her can. Then, while the dawn hung timorously in doubt, and the sky in the east was very slowly trembling from violet to grey, she pulled on her boots and took her shawl, and once more started for the guard-house. There the men were weary, and those not out on post were sleeping. The young sergeant was wrapped in his blankets, sound and snoring, and a drowsy corporal was in charge. He brightened at sight of Mother Revell's can.

"Begum, but you'll spile the sergeant with yer coddlin'!" he said. "Shall I wake him?"

Mother Revell shook her head, and poured out a mugful for the grateful corporal.

"Is he asleep?" she asked, nodding towards the prisoner's cell.

"Nop. Just now he was swearin' at the cold."

"It is horribly cold in there," she said. "Won't you give him a cup?"

"Shucks, Mrs. Revell, ye're all heart. 'Twas him killed the paymaster."

"That's not certain yet," said Mother Revell, suddenly shaking. "But it would be cold for a dog in there. Let me—"

The corporal shrugged his shoulders. It was hard to refuse Mother Revell anything. So again she slipped along the corridor. The prisoner must have heard her voice, for he was already at the bars.

"Bessie," he hoarsely whispered, "you're the same as ever—a good old girl. And you haven't forgotten the old man. A corner of your heart for him, eh?"

She shrunk from his bloated face for a moment, the next she stepped determinedly to the grating.

"Listen," she murmured hurriedly. "Don't touch my hand. I'm going to help you, but not for your sake—for the same reason I helped you before, when, in your drinking craze, you shot the cowboy in Dodge. I wanted to save my boy the shame of hearing his father was hanged. I want to save him again."

"Little Martin—the baby! Bessie, is he here? Let me see him—Bess!"

"Never!" she cried fiercely. "He's doing well, he's a boy to be proud of. He studies, and will pass for a commission in time. He knows nothing of your life, of you, and never shall. I'd die first. Do you think I'd see the boy creep about in shame for his father, a deserter, twice a murderer? Could he hold up his head among his comrades when he's an officer and a gentleman, as he will be, as he deserves to be? See you! Never! You must go away—escape, else there are some here will recognise you."

She was trembling now, and he gulped the steaming coffee sulkily. The men snored; the corporal nodded over his stove.

"What name have you gone by? You dare not call yourself Revell?"

"Hardly," he grinned.

"Take this," she said, and gave him the tool from her

dress. "It's all I could find—a gimlet. You bore hole after hole in the planking of the floor, until a piece is loose. It's slow, and you must be cautious of the guard seeing you. Get through by night after next, if you can, for they are eager to send you to prison. There's a foot and a half between floor and ground. You can crawl out. It was done once by a man at Fort McKinney. Look out for No. 1. He passes round the guardhouse every quarter of an hour."

He took the tool eagerly, and she turned away.

"Bessie!"

She paused.

"I saw in a paper that Pollock was made a major. He

bake beans or make coffee. The mess breakfast was ruined. This is something like. Nobody, alive or dead, ever made hash like you, mother; and this is coffee, not bootleg. Say, mother, you're pale. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I?" she answered; and the soft, sweet pink spread on her cheek. "I'm all right, Martin. Are you off duty to-day?"

He shook his head.

"No such luck! Guard," he answered, and bent hungrily over his plate.

Mother Revell paled again and trembled.

"Guard!" she said at last. "Why, Martin, you were on the night before last."

"Can't help it. Schiedermann's gone sick; Foley's acting sergeant-major; Mac-Millan's on detached service, mending telegraph wires; Fairleigh's provost-sergeant, and so on. There's only Bob Otis and I for duty—one night in."

"It's a shame," she cried, jumping up in a passion of fear. "You can't, you must not!"

"Why, mother?"

"You, you—I'll go and speak to the major!"

"What on earth! Mother, you know such things often happen. It's all in the five years. Don't get excited."

"You—you'll be ill," she began to cry. "It'll tire you out."

"Mother," he said, stepping to her side and petting her, "you are ill. Why, you, of all people, know one night in is no hardship. It won't last. Look here! I'm going to ask the hospital steward to send you down a tonic, and don't you move from your stove to-day. I'll run up and see you at dinner-time. Now, I must hurry up and clean my belts a bit."

He left her shaking silently, but turned at the open door.

"That hang-dog road agent is to be sent to the railway tomorrow. The sheriff will take charge of him there."

Mother Revell huddled up in her chair as the door closed behind her, and became a nervous bundle of anxious fears. "To-night," she muttered. "He must escape to-night, and Martin on guard! If he should fail, if the guard shoots him—a son shoot his father down! Oh! Oh! And if he succeeds, Martin will be tried for allowing the escape, for neglect of

duty, and be reduced! It will ruin his chance of promotion. Oh! Oh!"

She sat, stunned, until the bugles on the parade-ground announced guard inount. She stole to the window and watched. Crash went the band; all the familiar, stirring manoeuvres were performed in the bright winter sun. The band ceased; the adjutant and sergeant-major saluted, the shrill bugles advanced, and the new guard marched off to the guard-room, the tall and bright-eyed young sergeant in command. She could hear his clear voice even when he was out of sight at the distant guard-house: "New guard! Present arms!"

Evening stable-call and the troopers in white stable-dress, trotting at double time through the frosty air of the failing day, supper-call, retreat, and the sunset gun. Martin ran in to see her, and found her so white he resolved to bring the post surgeon in the morning. Darkness—but she lit no lamp; and at last came tattoo and taps to usher in



G. MONTBARD.

Mother Revell ran out. "No, no! Both of you! Don't shoot!"

always had luck. You and I remember him as a big, buck private when I was a sergeant in the war. Say, is he—is he stuck on you still? I cut him out for fair then, didn't I? I half thought you'd get a divorce and marry him."

She looked at him fiercely.

"The major's a good man, not fit for you to name. Get away from here as quick as you can, and remember this—there's only one thing I love in the world, and that's the boy."

She slipped quickly from him and through the guard-room, past the drowsy corporal, and regained her home before the sun was yet above the plain's far rim.

III.

The young sergeant came to his mother's little breakfast-table in a poor humour.

"Mother, can you give me something to eat?" he cried. "They've detailed a new cook, and he can't either

a windy night, with white clouds swiftly crossing the half-moon. Night—the final click of the billiard-balls in the club, the final song at Captain West's evening party, the first silent round of the officer of the day. The sentry at the guard-house lifted up his voice: "No. 1, twelve o'clock!" and from the corral, from the cavalry stables, from the haystacks and from the distant sawmill came the swift replies of lonely sentinels—"twelve o'clock and all's well!"

Mother Revell rose up, unable to wait longer to bear suspense. She stole from the house. Well she knew the old post and how to hide in the shadows and how to avoid the sentries. Unseen, filled with a shuddering disgust at herself at having so to hide, she gained the rear of the guard-house. Here there stood a little clump of scrub oaks by a spring of clear water, and in their shadows the little woman crouched and watched.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, to the end of the porch; to the rear, march! And tramp, tramp, tramp to the other end; shift carbine to the other shoulder, and it's time to patrol round the guard-house. So went No. 1, monotonously, distractingly. Once, twice, thrice, and four times he passed round the building, and it was one o'clock. Again he sang the hour, and again came back the distant echoing sentries' calls, "All's well!"

Mother Revell was in a fever; she felt no cold; her eyes sought continuously the yawning blackness between the walls of the old guard-house and the snowy ground. Again the faithful sentry passed around and went back to the porch. A minute passed, and something protruded from beneath the guard-house, reaching out to the white snow, stealthily, on its belly, like a great sneaking cat. Mother Revell clasped her hands and shook and watched. Inch by inch he came—thomurderer, a big man, while the hole was narrow. The moon glanced upon him, and she saw the glitter of his excited, determined eyes. Inch by inch, without a sound, he dragged himself to freedom, and No. 1 continued to tramp the wooden porch unsuspectingly. The man was out and on his feet, stooping low, glancing here and there to make sure of the right direction to run.

"Quick! quick! Oh, man, be off with you quick!" murmured Mother Revell.

As if he heard her, he started to run through the deep snow soundlessly. One step he took, and Mother Revell closed her eyes in despair. The man's legs, cramped by confinement, were uncertain. His toe struck a rock in the snow, and he fell, noisily bumping against the wooden wall. At that he forgot himself, or became at once reckless, and swore aloud.

"Sergeant of the guard!" the sentry shouted, and dashed round the house, while inside tumult and clashing of steel resounded. The prisoner picked himself up, but slipped and slid again before he could start afresh, so that No. 1, carbine loaded and cocked, was on his heels. It was no intention of the sentry's to kill, but rather to recapture alive. He brought the butt to the front swiftly,

and thrust viciously to knock his man over like a rabbit. The running blow missed, and in an instant the prisoner turned, a shaggy, wild-eyed image of desperation. They closed, but for a second. The next instant the sentry lay on the snow and the prisoner had the carbine. He was off again with a dash, but now the guard came running out, Sergeant Revell, ten paces in advance, revolver at the ready.

"Halt! or I fire!" he yelled.

The prisoner swung about and brought the carbine to his shoulder. A scream came from the spring, and Mother Revell ran out, wringing her hands.

"No, no! Both of you! Don't shoot!"

She rushed to her son and flung herself entreatingly on his breast, but not before his revolver had cracked. The prisoner was a second later. Unhurt by Martin's bullet, he returned the fire as Mother Revell clasped her boy. Martin heard his mother cry out in pain, and felt her fall heavily forward upon his rescuing arm. The guard rushed

Mother Revell petted her boy's hand weakly, and her eyes sought the corner.

"Is it you, major?" she asked softly, and the officer commanding came silently to her side.

"Mother Revell," he whispered, "don't you wish to speak to me?"

She paused, closing her eyes, and then opened them upon the doctor.

"I've seen many of the poor boys go, doctor," she said. "Tell me."

And he told her. The doctor took Martin by the shoulder and pushed him out before him gently, and the major and Mother Revell were alone. At once she asked—

"He was caught?"

"He was shot down dead, Bessie."

"And you recognised him?"

"But nobody else, Bessie. Nobody shall know he was Sergeant Revell."

"Thank you, major," she sighed, with a content

that almost stifled her pain. "Martin will never know when—when he's an officer and a gentleman. Major, you've been very, very good and kind."

"I'd have done more if you'd let me, Bessie," he answered.

"Do it for— for Martin," she pleaded. "He's not like his father."

"No, no, Bess—like you, dear girl, like you, Bess."

She looked at him with a faint shake of the head.

"Bess, give me a right to be a father to the boy. Thrice I've asked you, and you refused, though Revell was good as dead."

"For your sake, major. I'm only a laundress."

"I rose from the ranks," he replied. "I don't want to think that the rascal who spoiled your life won to the end. I've been patient. Let me remember you as my wife—take my name."

Again she motioned, "No."

"I have money, Bess;

and Martin will be my son. I have influence; and Martin, as my son, will draw on it, naturally."

"You attack the weaker wing, major," she answered, and pressed his hand.

"Yes?"

"Yes."

He stooped and kissed her, and hurried out to send his orderly for the post chaplain. Martin, bewildered, was there, and the doctor, and these alone saw Mother Revell acknowledge the mistake of her hasty girlhood, and marry at last the man who had patiently waited.

After that she lay in pain, sinking swiftly, and grew a little delirious, and saw into the future, speaking of her boy as "Captain Revell, a gallant officer and gentleman." At nine o'clock she was very weak, but sensible, and sent messages to a number of her children—the grief-stricken troopers. Shortly she whispered to them to open the window, although it was very cold, and they did so.

"I want to hear the bugles," she said.

Soon they sounded—the last, last friendly call to rest—taps.

THE END.



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN CRISIS: READING THE LATEST NEWS AT A STREET CORNER IN SEVILLE.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. ANDRÉN, MADRID.

After displaying a degree of apathy which would have appeared remarkable even among northern nations, the Spaniards are gradually lashing themselves into a war fever. Our sketch represents a group of Madrillines discussing the latest known phase of the Spanish-American crisis in the Calle de Sevilla, one of the most important streets of Madrid.

past, carbines ready, in pursuit of the fugitive, but the sergeant of the guard paid no attention to them. He picked the little unconscious woman up in his arms and dashed away to the post hospital, terror in his eyes.

IV.

"How is she?"

"Is she better?"

"Is there any chance for her?"

All day long the men came slipping up to the hospital and whispered their anxious inquiries in the attendants' ears, and went off in gloom when the steward pursed his lips and shook his head.

Toward evening she became sensible, and found Martin in the room with the doctor, and a tall moustached figure in the shadows of a corner.

"Martin," she whispered, "are you hurt, boy?"

"I wish I were, dear little mother," he cried, "so that you were safe."

"Hush! none of that now, sergeant, or you'll have to get out," the doctor said, as the lad flung himself on his knees by the bed.



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MEADOW SWEET.—BY YEEND KING. R.I.

From the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil Colours.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Poems of Shakespeare. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by George Wyndham. (Methuen and Co.)

Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop. Correspondence now fully published for the first time, with elucidations by William Wallace. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Harry Druidale, Fisherman. By Henry Cadman. (Macmillan and Co.)

Porphyrio, and Other Poems. By Laurence Binyon. (Grant Richards.)

The Life of Nelson. By Robert Southey. (George Routledge and Sons.)

The Holy Bible. Vol. VII. St. Matthew to St. John. (Macmillan and Co.)

The Londoners. An Absurdity. By Robert Hichens. (William Heinemann.)

Trewinnot of Guy's. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (John Long.)

Miss Betty's Mistake. By Adeline Sergeant. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The Cathedral. By J. K. Huysmans. Translated from the French by Clara Bell. Ed. with a Prefatory Note by C. Kegan Paul. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)

American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. (Service and Paton.)

The Vintage. By E. F. Benson. (Methuen and Co.)

It is pleasant to find in Mr. Wyndham's edition of Shakspeare's poems a zealous young politician and member of Parliament bringing enthusiasm, research, and keen intellectual and æsthetic insight to bear on a purely literary theme far removed from the arena of party strife. He displayed similar qualities in his able introduction to the reprint of Sir Thomas North's English version of Plutarch's "Lives," issued in the Tudor Translations Series, but the subject with which he now deals is one of much more general interest. With the profounder study of Shakspeare in England and Germany, his poems have received a fair share of the attention and appreciation for long bestowed on his plays by editors, critics, and commentators. But they have never been edited with anything like the minute and affectionate care which Mr. Wyndham has lavished on them in what has evidently been a labour of love. In a volume of some 486 pages, the text of "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," the Sonnets, and the "Lover's Complaint," occupies 206 pages, while Mr. Wyndham's introduction and notes occupy no fewer than 280. With one exception, whatever could be done to illustrate the text of the poems, to elucidate their obscurer allusions and phraseology, to explain their history, to point attention to the most exquisite of their felicities of expression and to Shakspearean peculiarities of diction and metre, has been done by an enthusiastic admirer who is familiar with the poetry and drama of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and has a critical knowledge of Elizabethan literature. The one exception is in the case of the Sonnets. Mr. Wyndham avoids taking a decided part in the lively controversy still being waged respecting them. Although in the admirable sketch of Shakspeare's career given in the introduction he shows that he has read and weighed the copious literature of the subject, he wishes, in considering the Sonnets and other poems, to regard less Shakspeare the man than Shakspeare the artist, and he thinks that too much attention has been paid to the supposed autobiographical significance of the Sonnets. However, Mr. Wyndham does parenthetically hint his opinion that a jury of experts, if giving their verdict in the Scottish fashion—that is, by a majority—would decide in favour of Mr. Tylor's Herbert-Fitton theory. The chief opponent of this theory has recently affirmed that "no contemporary document or tradition gives the faintest suggestion that Shakspeare was the friend or protégé of any other man of rank" than Lord Southampton, and this in spite of the significant references in Hemingway and Condell's dedication of the first folio to Lord Pembroke and his brother. As it happens, Mr. Wyndham says incidentally in one of his notes to the Sonnets (page 303), "I am indebted to Lord Pembroke for the information that a letter, now unfortunately mislaid, existed at Wilton from Lady Pembroke to her son, the third Earl, telling him to bring James I. over from Salisbury to witness a representation of 'As You Like It.' The letter contained the words, 'We have the man Shakespeare with us.'" There is something in this, so far as it goes, but it is not much. There might be a great deal more if the missing letter were fortunately found.

Burns's letters to Mrs. Dunlop have long been prized as the most frank, genial, and autobiographically interesting in the whole range of his correspondence. But her letters to him have never been published until now, and they bestow a singular value on the volume in which they appear for the first time. They explain the strength of Burns's attachment to her, one, unlike that for Clarinda, based on the purest friendship alone. Mrs. Dunlop's letters are delightfully characteristic of a clever, vivacious, warm-hearted Scottish gentlewoman of the old school, who, with all her admiration for Burns, did not hesitate to rebuke occasionally the social and poetic misdemeanours of her impulsive friend. The whole of their surviving correspondence is now collected for the first time. It required much elucidation, and this has been furnished with a care and copiousness which leave nothing to be desired, by the diligent and instructed editor of the late Robert Chambers's "Life and Works of Burns."

Mr. Cadman's volume contains ample accounts of his varied angling experiences in many waters—English, Welsh and Scotch, including the less familiar streams of the Isle of Man. His descriptive sketches are not only pleasant reading, but are accompanied by thoroughly practical hints and disquisitions on angling in all its branches. There are numerous picturesque illustrations (from photographs), chiefly of river scenery.

Mr. Binyon's new instalment of verse is dedicated to "Joy," but joyousness is by no means its prevailing "note." Certainly it is not the characteristic of what is, perhaps, the most striking piece in the volume, "The Supper." A wealthy youth gives, with eccentric kindness, a dainty repast to several street vagrants, male and female, old and young. Stirred by his wine, each breaks out into dismal monologue and weirdly bitter song. They end by reproaching, reviling, and, at last, cursing their surprised and disheartened host for experimenting, under the guise of beneficence, on their hopeless misery. It is a powerfully conceived piece, and forms a striking contrast to Burns's "Jolly Beggars," with their wild joviality.

In spite of the mass of new material contributed of late years to the biography of "the greatest sailor since the world began," Southey's delightful "Life of Nelson" not only holds its own, but increases in popularity. The latest reprint of this English classic vies in excellence of paper and typography with any that have preceded it. Prefixed is a memoir of Southey, by the late Professor Henry Morley; and the attractiveness of the volume is enhanced by Mr. W. H. Overend's illustrations.

One special claim on the attention of Bible-buyers is possessed by the Eversley reprint of the Scriptures, of which a seventh volume has been issued. With the exception of the costly quarto, published long ago, it is the only edition containing an exact reprint of the venerable first issue, in 1611, of King James's Authorised Version, which is to all subsequent editions what the first folio of Shakspeare is to all subsequent editions of the plays.

The genuine fun of Mr. Robert Hichens' "Londoners" suggests that he might make his fortune as Sir Arthur Sullivan's librettist. If he had not been as witty as he is funny he might score a dramatic success as screaming and immortal as "Charlie's Aunt"; but he could not long confine himself to mere buffoonery. There is a great deal of buffoonery, no doubt, in "The Londoners"—a great deal too much—but it is again and again redeemed by wit, humour, and fantastic drollery absolutely irresistible. What surprises and occasionally irritates you is that Mr. Robert Hichens should so often play to the gallery—should so often thump the keys when he has the command of a touch so light and bright. The extravaganza turns upon the misunderstandings arising from the innocent but divorced wife of an American millionaire masquerading in London as her late husband, and the fun grows more riotous as the story proceeds, till you wish away both the Bun Emperor and Mr. James Bush. Taken altogether, however, the fooling is admirable.

The fun of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's "Trewinnot of Guy's" helps to relieve its gloom. It is the story of a medical student whose life in his student days was marred by his refusal to marry the heroine, and later was wrecked through his desire to marry her. Her father, an unscrupulous solicitor, induces the hero's aunt, his client, to cut off the supplies which maintained him at Guy's until he consented to marry the lawyer's daughter, a girl he had never seen. When he does see her in another home and under another name he loves her, and his love for her so maddens her rival that she brings about the suicide of both hero and heroine. It is a very sad but interesting story, and shows an intimate knowledge of the life and work, trials, troubles, shifts, artifices, and expedients of a hard-pressed doctor.

In "Miss Betty's Mistake" the hero also is a medical student, but of the opposite type to Trewinnot of Guy's, and, indeed, to that of medical students generally. He is a prig of the first water, and it is fortunate that the interest of the story centres less in him than in his aunt, Miss Betty, and in his fiancée, the daughter of an overworked novelist. At least she is introduced to us as his daughter, but the popular novelist's life has been as romantic as his novels. He marries as his first wife a woman who is false to him, shuts her up in an asylum when the loss of her lover drove her mad, and induces Miss Betty to make the "mistake" of committing, of course unconsciously, bigamy with him. Miss Betty, a simple, quaint, and noble woman, admirably drawn, dies of a broken heart from the discovery of his treachery, while another revelation—that her supposed mother was a madwoman—bars the heroine's marriage to the hero. He gets engaged to another girl who jilts him, and as by this time the heroine has discovered that she was but the adopted daughter of the novelist and free therefore of any hereditary taint of insanity, they marry, and let us hope—it is a faint hope—live happily ever after.

Those who hold with Mr. Kegan Paul that the struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism is a struggle "not between two different modes of serving God, but between vice and virtue," will probably enjoy M. J. K. Huysmans' "The Cathedral" (prefaced by this statement) which Mrs. Bell has translated. "The book resolves itself into a series of dissertations on the Bestiary of Holy Scripture, on church painting, on early pictures, on the more mystical and suffering saints of the Middle Ages, and on such parts of the flora and fauna as have shown themselves most adapted to church decoration." To Protestants, or at least to such Protestants as Mr. Kegan Paul describes, the book is a string of pearls cast before swine.

Many readers of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's "American Wives and English Husbands" would interpret the title as pearls cast before swine; but the American ladies do not always shine, or they shine with a lurid light. It is a very fair and singularly clever study of the "new women and old acres," which they serve, so to say, to top-dress with their millions. That is not a very refined image, but it is appropriate to the society into which the book introduces us, which is as vulgar as it is aristocratic. However, one of the international marriages—that of the hero to the heroine—turns out well, if the other ends in disgrace, ruin, and suicide; and we follow the fortunes of both, if not sympathetically, at least interestedly.

To sympathise with the patriotism of a hero who would burn alive his sweetheart, if only the enemies of his country could be burned alive along with her, is difficult; yet this is what you are asked to do—and what you do—in Mr. E. F. Benson's thrilling romance of the Greek War of Independence, "The Vintage." Its hero, Mitsos, sets on fire a Turkish ship packed with men, women, and children, and among the women—as he supposed—the girl he loved to idolatry; yet we are not revolted by the atrocity. Indeed, we sup so full with horrors in "The Vintage," and horrors committed by Greeks bettering the teaching of their Turkish foes, that an atrocity more or less hardly counts. It is a triumph of the novelist's skill that our sympathies are never for a moment estranged from either the hero, or his country by the sickening barbarities inspired by a ferocious patriotism.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The next dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club will take place on April 27. Mr. Henry Norman will be in the chair, and the guest of the club will be Mr. Asquith, who finds relief from the dull routine of politics in an admiration of FitzGerald's poem. The members will bring their usual strong contingent of distinguished guests, although so many of the guests of past years have now become members that that is not as easy as hitherto. The latest recruit to the Club is Mr. Anthony Hope, and other prominent members of recent origin who first came as guests are Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Austin Dobson, Sir George Robertson of Chitral, and Sir Douglas Straight.

Goethe. LEWES (G. H. *Husband of George Eliot.*) The Story of Goethe's Life, 1873, steel portrait, 2r. 8vo, polished true calf, gilt, 1st ed., 12/6.

The above cutting from a bookseller's catalogue is interesting, not so much because of the quaint inaccuracy concerning G. H. Lewes and George Eliot, as from the fact that to the compiler of this catalogue Mr. Lewes's "Life of Goethe" is likely to have a wider interest from his association with the famous author of "Adam Bede." As a matter of fact, most of us think that this biography, one of the most brilliant and fascinating in our literature, can very well afford to stand alone.

Mr. T. W. Rolleston, I learn from an Irish journal, is of opinion that, "so far from Cromwell being the monster of inhumanity which Irish fairy-tale histories make him out to be, he was in reality beyond all question the most civilised and humane conqueror that had ever entered Ireland up to that date."

It has been stated that Dr. J. K. Ingram, of Trinity College, Dublin, the author of the popular Irish ballad "Who fears to speak of '98?" now belongs to that section of the Irish nation which is somewhat ashamed of the sentiments conveyed by the poem. This is not true, however, and in a little volume of poems which Dr. Ingram is about to publish, the '98 ballad, under its original title of "The Memory of the Dead," will appear, this being the first formal admission of its authorship.

Collectors of Mr. Meredith's writings are to have the luxury shortly of adding yet two further volumes to their shelves. One of these is the little pocket edition of Mr. Meredith's "Selected Poems," which was at one time contemplated for Balesier and Heinemann's Foreign Library, but which is now to be published by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. The other is a volume to be called "The Nature Poems of George Meredith," which will be accompanied by photogravure drawings by Mr. W. Hyde. Mr. Hyde is also to illustrate a volume of "London Impressions" by Mrs. Meynell.

The "Dictionary of National Biography"—now so near its conclusion—is to be supplemented by two additional volumes, which are to contain the names of those who have died during the course of the work, and also sundry accidental omissions from the work itself. The *Athenæum* publishes a list of people who are to be added—a list which at present includes only "A" and "B." One finds in this list of new names such prominent but divers people as Matthew Arnold, Fred Archer the jockey, Vice-Chancellor Bacon, Colonel Baker, R. M. Ballantyne, Isaacs Barnato, and Miss Lydia Becker.

I am rather surprised to find *Literature* endorsing Mr. Heinemann's complaint that a certain play called "The Master" is being produced by Mr. John Hare, Mr. Heinemann having some time back published a novel by Mr. Zangwill bearing the same title. Courtesy, policy, and some measure of legality combine to make it desirable that titles should not be repeated for books, newspapers, or plays where there is any liability to confusion in the mind of the public; but I should doubt if the combination of two such simple words as the title of "The Master" involves could possibly cause confusion. As a matter of fact, the manuscript of Charlotte Brontë's "Professor" shows that the story was originally intended to bear the title of "The Master," a piece of paper being carefully pasted over this latter title and "The Professor" substituted. The words "The Master," moreover, are to be found as applied to Goethe in Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and, of course, throughout Carlyle's writings; and there is surely a German work bearing the title "Der Meister." However, I do not suppose that Mr. Heinemann or Mr. Zangwill is seriously alarmed at Mr. Hare's play, but with characteristic astuteness they see the ever-welcome advertisement in a protest.

The next best thing to a favourable review of one's book, I have always understood, is an unfavourable one. The great disaster for the author is to be ignored. Under these circumstances, perhaps Dr. Birkbeck Hill will rejoice that his edition of "Boswell's Journal" has twice met with a severe handling from the pen of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. His "Critical Examination of Dr. Hill's 'Johnsonian' Editions," now published by Bliss, Sands, and Co., is but an enlargement of a pamphlet issued by Chatto and Windus in 1888. Macaulay's attack on Croker's "Boswell" helped its sales enormously, and it is stated in John Murray's Life that the book sold to the extent of fifty thousand copies. Thus far Dr. Hill's "Boswell" has not reached a second edition, delightful work though it be to those who already know their Boswell. Perhaps Mr. Fitzgerald's attack will give an impetus to its sale. But then Mr. Fitzgerald is not a Macaulay.

We have had a succession of American publishers over here lately. Mr. Harry Harper, the head of the firm of Harper Brothers, of New York, has hurried back there because he had some misgivings that he might be detained on the high seas if war broke out between the United States and Spain. Mr. Frank Dodd, of Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., and Mr. Scribner are both enjoying a visit to London, and, one hopes, arranging for new books at the usual magnificent rates which English authors always expect, and generally receive, from across the Atlantic.—C. K. S.



THE CHINESE QUESTION: GERMANS LANDING STORES AT TSINGTAN FOR KIAO-CHAU.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

"It is not every day that the wind and sea allow of stores and ammunition being landed at Tsingtan. Occasionally it blows very hard, and then communication between sea and shore is both difficult and dangerous; but, given a fair wind, the scene is very lively on the pier or jetty, which was in course of construction by the late Chinese General. The stores are hauled out of the sampans, as shown in the sketch, and then carried by the Chinese coolies in various ways—it takes six and sometimes eight of them to carry a load of which two or three Europeans would make light; and they have to take constant rest, sometimes succumbing under the load, whereupon coolies, ammunition, or stores are mixed together in an incongruous mass."—MELTON PRIOR.

LEADERS OF SPANISH OPINION.

Now that the Spanish-American crisis may, it is to be feared, without exaggeration be described as "The Coming War," it is interesting to consider the careers of some of the more notable leaders of political thought in Spain to-day. Foremost among Spanish statesmen stands, of course, the veteran Premier, brought back to office in the autumn of last year by the assassination of Señor Canovas.

Señor Don Praxedes Mateo Sagasta was born in the province of Old Castille in 1827. After a period of study at the School of Engineers, Madrid, he practised in this profession at Zamora, the town which sent him into Parliament in the early 'fifties. Two years after his entry upon political life, the young Sagasta took a prominent part in a Republican insurrection, and was obliged to fly into France, where he remained until

obliged to resign within a month or so. Long looked upon as a politician without a party, too advanced in his views to throw in his lot with Sagasta and not far enough advanced to please the Zorrillists, Señor Emilio Castelar has yet a strong hold on the minds of many of his countrymen as a leader of democratic and socialistic thought. Born in 1832, in early manhood he became Professor of History and Philosophy at the University of Madrid. The revolutionary movement of 1866 found in him a strong champion, and, after its suppression by Serrano, Señor Castelar was one of those condemned to death for their part in that drama. He succeeded, however, in making his escape, and for two years he waited his opportunity in exile, but at the end of that period it came. The autumn of 1868 brought revolution for Spain, and Castelar returned to his country to become famous as one of the most daring and far-

before the year 1873 was many months older, two other Ministries went the way of the soon-fallen Figueras, and in September of the same year Castelar was nominated President of the Executive Power by the Cortes. From that office to the Dictatorship was but a step, and one which was promptly taken. But the Carlist insurrection, the general state of disquiet throughout the country, and the trouble in Cuba combined to stultify Castelar's powers of government, and when the Cortes assembled at the new year they refused to pass a vote of confidence in him, and he resigned. The Cortes was dissolved by General Pavia, and a provisional Government was established under the presidency of Marshal Serrano. When Alfonso XII. was proclaimed King in 1875, Señor Castelar went into voluntary exile, and devoted himself for a time to literary work. His nine volumes "History of the Republican Movement in



SEÑOR ALEJANDRO GROIZARD,
Minister of Justice.



SEÑOR PRIMO DE RIVERA,
Governor of the Philippine Islands.



GENERAL DORDON Y CASTELVÍ.



SEÑOR EUGENIO MONTERO RIOS,
President of Senate.



SEÑOR SEGISMUNDO MORET,
Minister of Colonies.



SEÑOR PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA,
Prime Minister.



SEÑOR ANTONIO MAURA,
Leader of Reforms in Cuba.



COUNT XIQUENA,
Minister of Public Works.



SEÑOR ALBERTO AGUILERA,
Civil Governor of Madrid.



SEÑOR EMILIO CASTELAR,
Republican Leader.



SEÑOR PIO GULLÓN,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN CRISIS: THE LEADERS OF SPANISH OPINION TO-DAY.

From Photographs by F. Debas, Madrid.

a general amnesty allowed him to return. Once more in his native land, he entered the ranks of journalism, and eventually became editor in chief of the *Iberia*, the organ of the Progressive party in Spain. Sagasta accepted office under Prim as Minister of Home Affairs. In the Republican régime of 1874, he was in office as Foreign and Home Secretary and as Premier. The "coup" which restored the Bourbons to the throne sent Sagasta into a brief retirement. Upon the death of the late King in 1885, and the retirement of the entire Conservative Government, Sagasta found himself at the head of affairs, and successfully combated the clamours of the Republicans, who shrieked for universal suffrage till the birth of the little King, when Sagasta, confident in the strength of the Liberals, dissolved the Cortes, and won by a small majority. It was in this period that he invested his party with that democratic character which is now more marked than ever. In 1891 Sagasta was asked to form a party, but was

sighted leaders of the revolutionary party. His strenuous labours for the establishment of a Republic availed not, however, to realise his strongly democratic ideal. The Republicans obtained the return of but an insufficient proportion of their candidates at the General Election for the new Cortes. Castelar himself was, of course, one of those returned, and he made a very strong and eloquent fight for the Republican principles at stake in the forming of a new Constitution. He denounced the proposed Regency, and in a series of splendid oratorical achievements, subsequently published in volume form, upheld the principles of a Federal as distinguished from a Unitary Republic. But not all his eloquence availed substantially to serve the cause for which he fought, and Amadeo of Savoy was crowned King of Spain. But Castelar's hour was yet to come, and in February 1873 he had the supreme satisfaction of seeing King Amadeo's formal abdication. In the Figueras Government, then appointed by the Cortes, Señor Castelar became Minister of Foreign Affairs, but

Europe," first published in America, was part of his amazingly large literary output at this period. A year after the restoration of the monarchy he returned to Spain, and eventually gained a seat in the Cortes, as Deputy for Madrid. He made no compromise with his political opponents, however, and remained true to his principles in his subsequent speeches and writings; but when the death of Alfonso reopened the political question he realised that the Republican cause was not powerful enough to make any effort that could strongly avail it, and he therefore elected to remain what he is still to-day, a picturesque and striking personality with a far-reaching though not official influence upon the political thought of his countrymen.

Our other portraits represent a number of notable men, who, though their names are not yet writ so large in the history of their country as those of Señor Sagasta and Señor Castelar, are taking prominent part in the present grave crisis.



1. Always Room for One More. 2. All Up. 3. Sliding. 4. Disputing the Umpire's Decision. 5. Trying to "Rattle" the Pitcher. 6. "Sunshine"—a Mascot.

BASEBALL IN AMERICA.



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN CRISIS: TYPES OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN CAMPAIGNING UNIFORM.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

Captain Sampson, Commander-in-Chief,
North Atlantic Station.

Rear-Admiral Sicard.

Brigadier-General Graham.

Major-General Wesley Merritt.

Commodore Howell.



Commodore Schley.

Commodore Dewey.

Major-General Miles.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN CRISIS: PROMINENT OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY.



1. Site of the Projected Dam and Locks below the great Fall of Cataract at As-ouan, Viewed from the West Bank.

2. The Dam as it will appear when Completed.

3. Site of the Projected Dam, Viewed from the East Bank.

4. Sir W. Garstin, K.C.M.G., Under-Secretary of State for Public Works, Egypt, Originator of the Project.

THE BARRAGE OF THE-NILE.

From Photographs and Sketches supplied by Sir Benjamin Baker, F.R.S., K.C.M.G.



1. Taking Sleepers to the New Railway. 2. Conveying Limestone from Assouan Quarries.
5. Kasr-el-Ibrin, South of the First Cataract, showing Level of Water when Dam is completed.
7. Loading Camels with Limestone at the Assiout Quarries.

3. Loading Boats at Lehawa Quarries. 4. Towing Cargoes.
6. Site of the Barrage looking East, a little South of Assiout.
8. Mr. W. Willcocks, late Director-General of Reservoirs, Egypt.

THE BARRAGE OF THE NILE.

From Photographs and Sketches supplied by Sir Benjamin Baker, F.R.S., K.C.M.G.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A valiant and able soldier, an upright man, and enlightened ruler celebrates his seventieth birthday to-day (April 23), and at the same time the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, which, however, took place six months after he had accomplished his forty-fifth year. Already at that period Albert of Saxony had carved his name in the annals of contemporary Germany, and if since then he has added no fresh laurels to those won during the memorable campaign of 1870-71, it is because the victory he helped to secure was of so substantial a nature as seemingly to compel the vanquished to abide by it.

I am not exaggerating in my statement that he helped to secure the victory. If anything, I am understating the aid Prussia received from Saxony, which for many centuries had been hostile to her, and had remained thus hostile until 1866, when she (Saxony) sided with Austria and was, in consequence, momentarily threatened with extinction as a kingdom. But when King Albert's predecessor and father elected to throw in his lot with Prussia by joining the North German Confederation, he loyally adhered to his bargain, although he would fain have seen this bargain shorn of its somewhat exaggerated "militarism"; in other words, Saxony would have fain put a curb on the enormous sacrifices Wilhelm of Prussia, Bismarck, and Moltke required from their allies. The least far-seeing—and King Johann was not by any means among these—did not fail to see against whom all those armaments were directed, and rightly or wrongly, perhaps, he could not forget that his ancestor, only twice removed, owed his crown to the uncle of the sovereign—i.e., to the first Napoleon—who was aimed at. It is a curious phenomenon, this friendly feeling of the Saxons for the French, which finds vent ever and anon, as it did in 1895 during the Literary and Artistic Congress held at Dresden.

But friendly feeling or not, neither Johann nor any other German ruler wished to see his own State or that of his neighbour overrun once more by the French as they had been overrun in the beginning of the century. So, the die being cast, Johann cheerfully contributed his quota of men, who brought more than their due proportion of courage. "The little black Saxons, who looked so intelligent, had pleased him (Bismarck) greatly during the visit he had paid them the day before. He meant the dark green riflemen or the 108th Regiment," explains Dr. Busch in his diary of the campaign, from which book I borrow all the following extracts.

Bismarck was not content with praising, he insisted that his praise should go forth to the whole of Germany. "They seem to be sharp, nimble fellows, and we ought to mention this in the public press," he said on the same occasion. At Mars-la-Tour and Saint Privat they came in for similar praise. "The Saxons, who on two previous days had made very stiff marches, and had reached a position to take effective part in the fight at the village of Saint Privat, stood now across the road to Thionville, and thus Metz was entirely surrounded by our troops." Bismarck, than whom no man was more ready to acknowledge bravery and endurance, did not, however, easily grow enthusiastic at a time when bravery and endurance were practically the order of the day; so we may imagine what the conduct of the Saxons must have been to call forth the following: "In the evening before tea some more articles were sent to Germany, among others, one on the co-operation of the Saxons at Gravelotte, whose praises the Chief never tired in repeating. It ran thus: 'In the battle at Metz on the 18th (August), the Saxons distinguished themselves by their usual heroic bravery, and contributed most essentially to the attainment of the object of the German troops. To bring the Saxon Army Corps into the field, very long marches from the right to the extreme left wing had been made the day before, and even on the 18th itself. In spite of these fatigues, they attacked with extraordinary energy, drove the enemy back, and completely fulfilled the duty they were charged with, preventing the enemy breaking through towards Thionville.' Here I leave Dr. Busch's diary.

"There are no bad regiments, there are only bad colonels," said the Great Napoleon; and I am inclined to agree with him. This is not undervaluing either the individual or collective bravery of the rank and file: it is simply the truth. The private soldier himself will tell one the same thing, confirming the axiom of the greatest captain of modern times, perhaps of all times. Here is an instance of the feeling, expressed during the very campaign in which the now sexagenarian Sovereign led his troops repeatedly to victory. After the battles of Weissenburg and Wörth the Army of the South was quartered one soft summer's evening round a little village in the Vosges. The Crown Prince (afterwards Emperor Frederick) was sauntering alone, his pipe between his lips, past a barn occupied by a party of Württemberg troops. Hearing something like stumpy oratory going on, the Prince opened the door and looked in. Everyone rose. "Oh, sit down, I'm sorry to disturb! I daresay there's room for me to do the same!" said the Prince. "Pray who was making a speech?" All eyes were turned on a sergeant whose very intelligent countenance looked, however, sorely puzzled when the Commander-in-Chief further asked: "And what were you talking about?" Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed: "Well, of course we were talking of our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how four years ago if we had had you to lead us we should have made short work of those confounded Prussians!"

King Albert, then Prince Albert, led his worthy Saxons throughout the campaign. He repulsed Ducrot on the morning of Sept. 1 at Bois-Chevalier (Sedan); he drove him back a second time at Champigny three months later. But King Albert is more than a military leader. He is the worthy continuator of his liberal-minded father, and we wish him respectfully many happy returns of the day.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C T MARSHALL (Liverpool).—We are much obliged for your interesting analysis of Mr. Kidson's problem, and the various mating positions you have evolved show how suggestive a good problem always must be.

C E PERUGINI (Kensington).—The omission was due to the holidays, but you will find yourself duly credited with the solution this week.

A G FELLOWS. —Thanks for your problem, but we presume it has already been published.

W S BEESTON (Sunbury).—In your proposed solution of No. 2814 you quote K to Kt 5th as White's second move. We cannot see how the White King can go to any square on the fifth rank, but in any case there is no other solution than the one we printed.

II RODNEY and F W ANDREW.—Amended problems to hand.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2804 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 2809 from G A M (Denang), and R J Tarapurvala (Bombay); of No. 2810 from C A M (Denang), Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California), and R J Tarapurvala (Bombay); of No. 2811 from W R James (Bangalore), and Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2812 from T Roberts, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 2814 from F J Candy (Norwood), W Percy Lind (Bridlington Quay), W H Bishop, and C E H (Clifton); of No. 2815 from M A Eyre (Folkestone), and C E H (Clifton); D Newton (Lisbon), G Lill (Gringely), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Edward J Sharpe, Jessie M Maclean (Prose), C E M (Ayr), C M A B, Francis Barton (Liverpool), and T C D (Dublin); of No. 2816 from J D Tucker (Ilkley), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), A P A (Bath), Shadforth, Dr F St. Joseph Willock (Chester), C E H (Clifton), C E M (Ayr), W d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Francis Barton (Liverpool), T G (Ware), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), W H Bishop, F J Candy (Norwood), Joseph Cook, and G Stillingfleet John-on (Cobham).

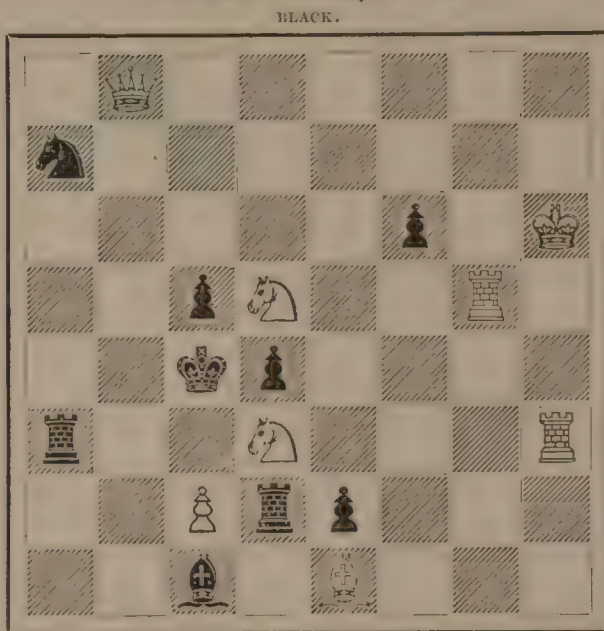
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2817 received from Alpha, C E Perugini, T Roberts, J D Tucker (Ilkley), T C D (Dublin), C E M (Ayr), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), R Alltree, Sorrento, F Watkins (Eastbourne), J Bailey (Newark), Shadforth, L Bevan, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Henry Orme (Bristol), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), A P A (Bath), G Hawkins (Camberwell), W d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Edith Corser (Reigate), and Joseph Willock (Chester).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2816.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to B 5th. B takes Q
2. Kt to Q 5th (ch). K takes P
3. Kt to B 5th. Mate.

If Black play 1. Kt to R 3rd; 2. B takes P (ch); and if 1. P to K 3rd or P to K 4th then 2. Q takes P (ch), and mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 2819.—By PION NOIR.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played at the Manhattan Chess Club between Messrs. H. W. HARR and V. L. WALTICH.
(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. K to R 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. Kt to R 4th	Kt to K 3rd
3. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	14. Kt (at R 4) to B 5	P to Q 4th
4. P to Q 3rd		15. Q to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
		16. B to Kt 5th	B to Q sq
		17. Kt to R 5th	
		Instead of this useless move, 17. Kt takes Kt P might have been played; and if K takes Kt, 18. B takes Kt (ch), B takes B; 19. Kt to R 5th (ch), &c.; but there are other complications.	
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	17. P takes B	B takes Kt
5. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 5th	19. B takes B	Kt takes Kt
6. P to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	20. Q takes Kt	Q R takes B
			Kt to B 5th
		Black now gets the attack, which he handles in fine style to the end.	
7. Castles	B to Kt 3rd	21. Q to B 3rd	Q takes P
8. Kt to R 3rd	Castles	22. B to B 2nd	R to Q 3rd
		23. Q R to K sq	R to R 3rd
		24. R to K 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
		25. Q to Q sq	R to R 5th
		26. R to Kt 3rd	R to Q sq
		27. R to R sq	Kt takes R P
		28. P takes Kt	Q takes B P (ch)
		29. R to Kt 2nd	R takes P (ch)
		30. K takes R	Q to R 5th. Mate

CHESS IN PRAGUE.

Game played between Messrs. J. V. STEFANYDES and J. HORAH.
(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd		16. Kt to B sq	B to K R 3rd
		17. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
		18. B to Q B sq	P to B 5th
		19. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd
		20. P to Kt 3rd	Q R to Q B sq
		21. B to Q 2nd	P takes Kt P
		It is difficult to understand why Black thus opens the door for the exchange of Bishops, as his object has been to prevent it. In any case White has a clear advantage.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	22. B takes B	P takes B
3. P to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th	23. R takes R P	P takes P (ch)
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	24. Kt takes P	K to Kt 2nd
5. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	25. Q to R 5th	R to K R sq
6. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	26. Kt to Kt 4th	R takes P
7. Castles	Castles	27. Kt to B 6th	Q to Q B sq
8. B to Kt 2nd	P takes Q P		
9. Kt takes P	P to Q Kt 3rd		
10. Kt to K 5th	B to Kt 2nd		
11. P to K B 4th	K Kt to Q 2nd		
		White mates in seven moves, commencing with Kt takes P (ch), R takes R; 2. Q takes Kt (ch), K to B sq; 3. Kt takes R (ch), K to K 2nd; 4. Q to Kt 7th (ch), K to R sq; 5. Kt to B 6th (ch), etc.	
12. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt (at Q 2) takes Kt		
13. B P takes Kt	P to K B 4th		
14. R to K B 3rd	Q to K sq		
15. R to R 3rd	B to Kt 4th		

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I devoutly hope the vegetarian faddists will "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the remarks of Sir Henry Thompson in his article published in the *Nineteenth Century* for April. This article will come as a kind of cold douche to not a few of the plant-eating fraternity. We have been accustomed for years to hear Sir H. Thompson quoted as an authority for the statement that vegetarianism is the perfect way in diet—just as my late friend Sir B. W. Richardson (who was not a vegetarian) was cited as an apostle of the creed merely because he admitted what every scientist knows—namely, that life can assuredly be supported on vegetable materials. Sir H. Thompson administers the finest possible castigation to the faddists who have been attempting to pose as the great moralists of the age, and who seem to regard a diet of starches and sugars, with a little vegetable oil and legumin thrown in, as the means of, and passport to terrestrial happiness. He tells his readers the story of science over again. Diet is a matter of climate; man can eat practically everything; and his selection of a particular food is a matter of his geographical position. He is no more an exclusive animal than a vegetarian in diet. He can live on animals alone, plants alone, or on the two combined. His business is to discover the diet which is best suited for him, and to adopt that diet relatively to his physical wants and his surroundings. This is the science of diet in a nutshell.

I was rejoiced personally to read Sir H. Thompson's strictures on vegetarian fads, because his rebuke proceeds on lines which for years, in common with other teachers, I have followed in showing forth the follies of those who claim vegetarianism as the universal way of diet for everybody. I have repeatedly said that if a man finds he enjoys better health on plant-fare than on a mixed diet, he would be worse than foolish not to adopt vegetarianism; just as a man, having found vegetarianism too much (or too little) for him, would be equally foolish if he did not return to his mixed food. This is, again, only a matter of common-sense; but when you are told that vegetarianism will suit everybody everywhere, without regard to constitution, age, sex, work, and the other conditions which determine our food arrangements, it is high time to protest against such inane, invertebrate, and mischievous teaching. There was once a person of the name of Salt, who, in some vegetarian organ or other, advised me to eat and cook my fellow-men, this being his deduction from my statement (scientifically provable) that beef and mutton being liker unto ourselves than plants, were more readily assimilated by us. Mr. Salt, who in his most serious moments was unintentionally very humorous, may be recommended to peruse Sir H. Thompson's words. It is just possible he may benefit from reading the *Nineteenth Century* article, and that (to use a strictly vegetarian metaphor) he may mentally be compelled "to eat the leek." But I have my doubts whether any philosophic reasoning will affect people who regard the butcher's shop as the literal incarnation of the useless and the horrible. At the least, every sensible person having regard to the vagaries of vegetarianism will henceforth know that when Sir Henry Thompson's name is quoted by the faddists, their opinions will require to be taken with a very big pinch of salt indeed.

The modes of acquiring typhoid fever form a topic specially interesting to all, because any information on this head must prove of value to us in the matter of preventing the disease. If, for example, typhoid germs are liable to be diffused into the air by the spray arising from the rush of sewage, and thus to reach us through the medium of the atmosphere, it is obvious that attention to our drainage arrangements—necessary in any case—becomes of tenfold importance. In other words, the question "Can typhoid be an air-borne as well as a water-borne disease?" is one of the most important which sanitarians can discuss; and the trend of scientific opinion, I imagine, inclines to answer this query in the affirmative.

A week or two ago Dr. J. Brownlee, of the Belvedere Fever Hospital, Glasgow, read an important paper on the aerial transmission of typhoid fever germs before the Philosophical Society of that city. Dr. Brownlee recounted the fact that previous observers had noted the spread of the fever by dust in the Egyptian Campaign of 1885, while the bacillus is known to be capable of living on ordinary cultivated land. Dr. Brownlee might also have cited the case of certain French soldiers—noted by me in this column—where an epidemic breaking out in barracks in a town quite free from the fever, was found to have commenced in the rooms in which the patients in a former epidemic were treated. Here, typhoid bacilli were found in the dirt and dust lying between the boards of the flooring, and Dr. Brownlee is probably right when, as the result of his own experiments, he asserts that typhoid bacilli will live in dust, because dust always retains a certain amount of moisture.

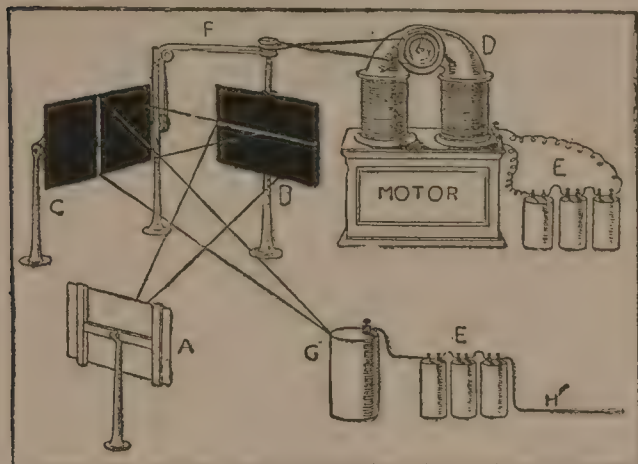
The special case to which Dr. Brownlee referred was an epidemic of typhoid fever which occurred in the City Hospital, Kennedy Street, Glasgow. Here there were a number of patients suffering from the fever, but when the drains of the place were overhauled for repair and upturned, the disease spread all over the hospital. This infection, he contended, could only have occurred as the result of the diffusion of typhoid bacilli by the air. Perfect disinfection should have ensured at least the relative freedom of drains from living bacilli. Dr. Brownlee's conclusions are worth noting. All back-yards should be laid with impervious pavement, thus preventing any chance of fouling the earth or soil. The free cleansing and flushing of back courts is a second measure likely to reduce typhoid occurrence, while wet ashpits are to be regarded as highly dangerous erections. From contaminated earth, dried as dust, one may see how typhoid germs, carried by the air, might infect articles of food and thus convey the disease in what would be deemed an otherwise inexplicable manner.

THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF ELECTRICITY.

The Teleelectroscope is the latest triumph of the electrician's genius. Writing by electricity (the telegraph) is already a matter of ancient history; hearing by electricity (the telephone), if not yet perfect, has become indispensable; seeing by electricity (the teleelectroscope) is to be the feat of the future. The invention has to be credited to a Galician

affected its well-being as to cause serious anxiety lest it should not reach London alive, the famous tortoise reached Plymouth on March 27 by the overdue P. and O. steamship *Oceana*. Mr. A. Thomson, head keeper to the Zoological Society, was already in waiting to receive the illustrious newcomer, and superintended the transport of its crate to the Great Western Railway. Owing to the unwieldy size of its cage the creature was eventually given

The work was admirably played, particularly in its best musical moments, by Mr. Manns. Miss Jackson's violin playing in Bach's Concerto in E for violin and strings was received with enthusiastic applause, and was, on the whole, well deserved. Miss Jackson is a brilliantly clever player, and the finale of the concerto was as fine as could be. The more moving passages were good, but less good than this. Mr. Andrew Black was the vocalist, and sang



THE TRANSMITTER.

schoolmaster, Herr Jan Szczepanik, and the experiments that have been made with it in Vienna have been most satisfactory. The mechanism of the actual apparatus is a profound secret, but the accompanying sketches illustrate the theory of the instrument. Take the transmitter. The rays of light from the landscape (represented by A) are taken up by a mirror (B), which has its surface coated with an opaque substance, through which a horizontal line is drawn with a pointed instrument, so that only a narrow strip of reflecting surface is exposed. This mirror is poised on a pivot, which allows it to oscillate so that the lines of the object under observation are continually changing. These single-line pictures are then broken up into points by means of a second oscillating mirror (C) placed at right angles to the first. This breaking into points is attained, of course, by the two lines intersecting, the mirrors oscillating in unison. It is these points that are converted electricity. This is done by the employment of selenium in the cell G. The electrical resistance of selenium varies with the colour of the light to which it is exposed, different rays generating different energies. Now every point of light creates currents of varying intensity. These currents pulsate through the wire which leads to the receiver, and are reconverted into the original picture by an instrument similar to the first. The electrical energy transmitted through the wire H reaches an electro-magnet J, which moves a pivoted prism K; the prism is adjusted so as to take up from the strong electric light Q the rays which correspond in colour to the ones represented by the different pulsations of electric energy which is being momentarily received. If the energy is weak, for example, the prism will throw a red ray on the mirror L, which in turn reflects it to the mirror M, which throws it on a screen. As the colour points follow one another in very rapid succession, the eye of the observer takes in the impression of the entire picture as if its points were all presented simultaneously. That, in brief, is the theory of Herr Szczepanik's teleelectroscope.

A TORTOISE WITH A HISTORY.

That large section of the British public which is interested in the living treasures of the Zoological Gardens is already indebted to the Hon. Walter Rothschild for the presence of many rare specimens in the Regent's Park collection, and notably of the great Dandin's tortoise, considered by experts to be but little under three centuries in age; and now Mr. Rothschild has increased the obligation by presenting to the Zoological Society what is generally held to be the last surviving specimen of the Galapagan tortoise. This creature, whose years are estimated at something under a modest century and a half, has a history which dates from the year of grace 1813, when it was carried off from Chatham Island by Captain Porter, of the American navy. It was presented by Captain Porter to the reigning chief of Raratonga, and remained in the possession of that potentate's successors until sixteen years ago, when it was presented by Chief Rotumah to Captain Macdonald. It was then translated to Sydney, where it was long an object of curious interest, but after the death of its owner Mr. Macdonald agreed to sell it to Mr. Rothschild. After a rough voyage, which so

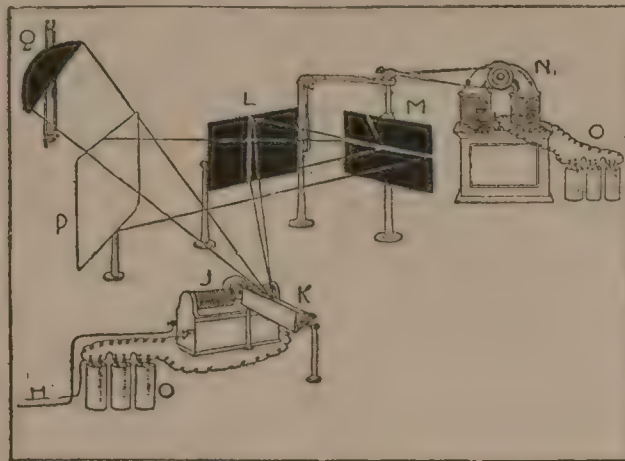


JAN SZCZEPANIK AND HIS MARVELLOUS INVENTION.

the liberty of an entire van, where it was banked up with foot-warmers as a remedy against the cold, which seemed oven to threaten its life. The foot-warmers were renewed en route between Plymouth and Paddington, and the creature was eventually safely installed in its new home, where it has since held a daily reception.

MUSIC.

Mr. Manns has now quite recovered from his recent indisposition, and on Saturday last he again took up his baton at the Crystal Palace Concerts. The programme was scarcely an exciting one, and the concert-room was not as interesting as we might have desired it to be. The



THE RECEIVER.

as nobly as he is accustomed to sing. The programme also included Mozart's overture to "Zauber-Flöte," a work described, not without reason, by Sir George Grove as the flower of that splendid musician's genius. It is the kind of thing, says Sir George, which "only a great master at the end of a long life can throw off," and when you wonder what on earth he means by describing Mozart's as a long life—he died before he was thirty-eight!—you are told that, "though short in years, it was very long in extent," and what that means only the writer of the words can possibly know. Haydn's "Largo in F Sharp," Sullivan's charming "Overture di Ballo," and a Sarasate "Fantaisie" on "Carmen," played by Miss Jackson, were also given.

Now that Mr. Rosenthal has brought to a close his series of pianoforte recitals, under Mr. N. Vert's direction, at the St. James's Hall, one is able to stand quietly and a little breathlessly while passing judgment upon his extraordinary powers. Rosenthal sometimes perpetrates things that seem to indicate that he has no feeling outside musical fireworks; but at other times he shows so beautiful a tenderness for the separate musical phrase, so wonderful a dramatic realisation, that he may be described as only at moments tending towards the cold and harshly brilliant element in music. Rosenthal, in a word, has a magic of his own, grave, emotional, dramatic, and sensitive. At times he whelms it all in a whirlwind of self-imposed difficulties; but this is no more than a phase of his genius, and a phase, be it allowed, which his genius may decently tolerate, seeing that without it part, at all events, of his rare accomplishment would be missed by the world.

The death of Herr Seidl, most unfortunate in every way, has brought this development, that Mottl is now engaged to take his place at the Covent Garden cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Mr. Schultze-Curtius is to be heartily congratulated upon this development, for it cannot be denied that Mottl stands at the very head and front of Wagnerian conductors. The details that are now to hand concerning Seidl's death have the accidental nature of it all the more exasperating to meditate upon. A dinner-party which included Ysaye, supreme violinist, was in prospect at Seidl's house. The host did not appear; and when the guests arrived at the house he was dying of the terrible ptomaine poisoning. New York has, perhaps, lost more in particular than London; but the world also has lost a great conductor.

The announcements for the opera season, which begins a fortnight hence, look exceedingly prosperous on paper. Calvé, that Arabian bird, returns after an absence of two years, and among other

artists engaged is Madame Ternina, by far the most brilliant of the actors and singers who make year by year the Munich opera memorable. The list of works that are down for performance is what is called by the ordinary person "catholic," and includes most schools of operatic music, from Gluck and Mozart to Wagner. A number of new singers have been engaged, and all the old favourites will be there. There is only one word of advice to the Grand Opera Syndicate. If the authorities of that combination will but look to it that every detail on and off the stage is carried out with the utmost possible perfection, financial success is sure to follow.



THE LAST SURVIVING GALAPAGAN TORTOISE.

Presented to the Zoological Gardens by the Hon. Walter Rothschild.

symphony was Brahms's Second (in D), a work in which all the inequalities which distinguished that impressive musician are very prominent. On the whole it is to be regarded among the best achievements of his pen—a work of deep occasional brilliance, and with one movement, at all events, which deserves to rank as a masterpiece, the Third, which earned the unique distinction, on its first production at the Vienna Philharmonic Society's Concerts, of an encore. It would not be Brahms, however, if side by side with high and noble musical thoughts he did not range others that came too easily and were allowed an entrance too freely into that ingenious brain.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CONQUERORS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Paul Potter's much-discussed play, "The Conquerors," is the story of a man who became converted from a dastard to a dreamer in four hours (and four acts). Mr. Potter declares as the last curtain falls that it is a miracle. You

celebrating the majority of Harry Bronson. In the course of the play the youth jilts two women and ends by marrying a Salvationist "lass." His father leads a Purity and Anti-Cigarette League to victory by out-sonning his son. And so on. But when all that is said, "The Belle of New York" remains very lively, and it is seldom dull. It is full of novelties which our own musical play manu-

THE DUKE OF YORK AS A SAILOR.

The Duke of York is once more to be our sailor Prince. He is to be appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Crescent*, which is now being refitted at Portsmouth at a cost of £9000. The *Crescent* is a twin-screw cruiser of 7700 tons, of the first class, and was commissioned in 1895. There have been five vessels of this name in our Navy, beginning with a twenty-two ton brig launched in 1744. One of them captured *La Réunion* in 1793, and in 1795 the Cape of Good Hope fell to it. The present vessel, which is a sister ship to the *Royal Arthur*, was the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Erskine on the North America and West Indies Station, and has proved herself a craft as smart and trustworthily as the Navy contains. Indeed the Duke would find it hard to command a better ship.

The present is a fitting opportunity for the Duke to hoist his pennant on the *Crescent*, for this year marks the majority of H.R.H. as a sailor. It was on June 5, 1877, that he and his brother, the Duke of Clarence, entered the Navy as cadets. Prince George, as he was then called, was a boy of twelve. He went through the regular course on board the *Britannia*, where he was treated precisely like the other cadets. In August 1879 he embarked with his brother for a nine months' tour in H.M.S. *Bacchante*, being accompanied by Canon Dalton. The story of that interesting trip, when the Princes saw a great deal of the vast empire which the younger is to govern, has been made familiar by "The Cruise of the *Bacchante*." Prince George was made a Lieutenant in 1885, having served in the *Canada* on the North America Station, and later he sailed with the *Thunderer*, the *Dreadnought*, the *Alexandra*, the *Northumberland*, and the *Thrush*.

In the year of Jubilee he was personal Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; he rose to be Commander in 1891, and to be Captain on January 2, 1893. In the naval manoeuvres of 1889 he was in command of No. 79 torpedo-boat, an excellent picture of the scene being painted by the late Mr. W. H. Overend.

The fact that the Duke is a Master of Trinity House is more than a mere formal duty in his case, for he knows by experience the immense value of the Lighthouse service. In everything pertaining to the Navy the Duke has always shown the greatest interest, notably in charities of every kind for seamen. An enthusiastic sailor himself, there can be little doubt that but for the lamentable death of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, he would still have been an active officer in the Navy, acquainting himself thoroughly, as his uncle the Duke of Saxe-Coburg did, with every detail of seamanship. But that was not to be, so the Duke must for the most part content himself with looking after Jack's interests ashore. Still, for a great naval Power like ours, it is reassuring to think that our future King will be able to deal with all matters of naval development from the point of view of actual knowledge, which always stands for so much. It is interesting to recall the fact that the first attempt to formulate a code of signals, which Sir William Penn drew up in 1665, was known as "The Duke of York's Fighting Instructions." Two years earlier, the Duke, as Lord High Admiral, had instituted a system of naval costume. The only articles of attire permitted to be sold on board his Majesty's ships were red caps, Monmouth caps, yarn stockings, blue neckcloths, canvas suits and rugs, shoes, waistcoats and shirts. It is curious that neither jackets nor breeches were included in the list.



Photo Cribb, Southsea.

H.M.S. "CRESCENT," TO BE COMMANDED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.

may judge for yourself from the story. On Sept. 3, 1870, a party of Uhlans quartered in the ancestral home of the Baron of Grandpré, Dinan, celebrated the victory at Sedan on the previous day by a drinking bout, to which they invited a troupe of dancing-girls, and at which Sub-Lieutenant Eric von Rodeck declared that all the women of France belonged to the conquerors. Mlle. Yvonne de Grandpré, the mistress of the house, gave him the lie by dashing a glass of wine in his face, and he resolved to humble her by dishonouring her! The roisterers finished up their orgie at the village inn, whither Yvonne had gone to meet her brother, the Baron, who, having killed two Prussians and fled, had returned in the disguise of a German enirassier. Eric and she met alone. He baited her in a brutal way, within closed doors, until at last her courage fled, and she invited him to do his worst. Suddenly he repented and left her unharmed. No sooner had he gone than the drunken innkeeper (who had married her foster-sister) attacked her and tried to rob her. Her shrieks brought back Eric, who killed her assailant and vanished — Yvonne having fainted meanwhile. Believing that he had carried out his purpose, she stabbed him (in the third act) when she got back to the castle. And then the miracle happened to her. She, too, repented. Lest her brother should finish him, she hid him in her bed-room, and watched over him like a tigress. Meanwhile the Prussians were scouring the castle for the Baron, whose return was known. Eric, half recovered, helped him to escape; and the General, in lieu of death, ordered von Rodeck to blow up a bridge, which means almost certain death. That puts the finishing touch on the miracle, for Yvonne discovers that Eric really saved her, and he in turn declares that she has saved him—from himself. And with bright hopes of reuniting when the war is o'er he leaves her, to blow up his bridge and impede the progress of her countrymen. The miracle was so marvellous that it led the St. James's audience to be silent. The play was picturesquely mounted and acted with spirit by Mr. Alexander (as Eric) and Miss Julia Neilson (as Yvonne). Mr. Fred Terry was excellent as the Baron, the light comedy scenes were supplied by a Prussian captain (Mr. H. V. Esmond), who wins the heart of Yvonne's sister Babiole (Miss Fay Davis). Mr. H. B. Irving as the sottish innkeeper, Mr. W. H. Vernon as the Prussian General, and Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Loraine as officers of his staff were good; while Mr. R. G. Legge made a success as a French villager, and Miss Constance Collier was impressive as the innkeeper's wife. When you have praised the players you have said the last good word for "The Conquerors." It is only a vulgar and lurid melodrama, starting from an unusually sordid premise, and leading through a maze of unnecessary and sometimes disgusting details to an elevated but wholly incredible conclusion. The picture of the German army in occupation is wildly improbable to begin with; and if the Germans were a touchy people their journals would have attacked Mr. Potter long ere now. Even if the German army had numbered among its officers such a consummate cad as Eric von Rodeck, his conduct is so brutal as to be beyond the pale of stage representation. Altogether, Mr. Alexander has committed a mistake in point of good taste in introducing an English audience to such a vulgar story.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," AT THE SIAFTESBURY.

Nor can the other American piece produced last week be regarded as an elevating entertainment. "The Belle of New York" (written by Mr. Hugh Morton and composed by Mr. Kerker, who conducts) is quite the most "decadent" drama of the lighter sort that London has seen. The curtain rises on a set of young men, all hopelessly drunk,

facturers have not discovered; it is prettily put on, and it is played with great comic ability. Mr. Dan Daly, as the Purity General, is a quaint American comedian, with a stolid style of humour that is irresistible. Mr. Sullivan (the company is American) plays the part of a "polite lunatic" in broken German with the most engaging drollery imaginable, and Miss Edna May, as the Salvationist "lass," is the most welcome recruit to the ranks of musical leading ladies that London has seen for many a day. "The Belle of New York," in short, will hold its own against a score of newcomers.

"THE J.P.," AT THE STRAND.

To the dramatic enthusiast it must be a great disappointment to think that a farce so childish as Mr. Fenton Mackay's "J.P." can still be produced at a West-End theatre. In the hands of a Frenchman it might have



Photo Cribb, Southsea.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR PREPARATIONS: THE AMERICAN LINER "ST. PAUL," ONE OF THE VESSELS CHARTERED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

been lively; Mr. Mackay only makes it dull. It is all about a Justice of the Peace out on the loose at Boulogne. The most notable feature in it is the appearance of Miss Florence Lloyd as the J.P.'s niece-in-law, masquerading as a young man. Few women have the remarkable physical adaptability for such a part. Miss Lloyd looks a young man to the life, and though her skill as an actress is not profound, her great good humour is infectious. Mr. Lionel Rignold manages to be funny enough as the J.P.

We give an Illustration of H.M.S. *Crescent*, the vessel to be commissioned by the Duke of York, and another representing the American liner *St. Paul*, sister-ship to the *St. Louis*, which, with the *New York*, is among the vessels summoned home by the United States Government for active service in the event of war being declared between America and Spain. The two latter left Southampton on Saturday last, in response to a cable received by the local American Consul.



MR. PAUL POTTER'S PLAY, "THE CONQUERORS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

See Preceding Page.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

At the moment "a change of front" occupies not only the political but the petticoat parliament to a very marked extent, and since tailor-made dresses are the sempiternal hall-mark of the mid-season, we are all extremely exercised in devising extraneous and attractive front views for the



A SMART CLOTH GOWN.

otherwise rigid line of coat and skirt. In France, to be sure, they have abandoned themselves to outdoor elaboration already, but as the sun shines less fitfully on their gay boulevards than on our sterile streets, we are not so encouraged to leap recklessly from serge into silken tissue. The little fully basqued jacket opening wide in front to display the smart vest or waistcoat is, therefore, familiarly evident, and one of the most engaging little gowns I have so far met was a grey cloth, worn by Lady Féo Sturt, which had a black satin vest opening over a white chiffon accordion-pleated inner vest, with cravat of grey satin and real lace ends falling loose of ivory guipure.

With May one can really begin to hope that English weather has struggled through most of its crises and relapses, however, so the dressmakers are very busy with creations for optimistic clients, and our own familiar friend the foulard frock is again making its shop-window *entrée*. The stars may grow old and the moon forget to shine, but never will navy-blue foulard lose its place in practical feminine affections. One of the family that has just been sent over by Worth has a well-pronounced pattern of columbine flowers in white scattered over its sapphire ground. A bodice made entirely of black closely gathered chiffon, with braces and collar of the silk and ivory lace appliqué, raises it quite out of the commonplace, and yet preserves it as an eminently useful frock. Taffetas is also having its undoubted need of consideration, and a nice little gown of this ilk—in shot lavender and white, with lace-trimmed flounces and a cross-over bodice of grandmotherly tradition, trimmed with black lace and silk fringes—was most successfully worn in Sunday's Park. Poplins are in the list for the more elaborate occasions of afternoon as well as tea gown, and it may be wise to point out that as French so-called poplins are made of cotton and silk, while the Irish material is composed of wool and silk, it is necessary to be assured that we are not buying one and paying for the other. It is really safer to buy poplins in Dublin, so many tradespeople being ready to palm off the vastly inferior French imitation for that which is made by the Liffey.

A white poplin gown to be worn at a May Drawing-Room is trimmed with a Louis Quinze bow design carried out in emeralds, the train of bright emerald mirror velvet being lined with Neapolitan mauve brocade. This mixture is most enticing, for of all combinations it is well admitted that green and white is one of the most becoming. Another presentation gown of ivory brocaded poplin has its oak-leaf design followed in a tracery of small aquamarine stones, the train of rich chestnut-coloured velvet lined with vivid green satin. Splendid embroideries of oak-leaves in brown and green edge the train inside and out. The use of gathered mousseline on the white dresses of *débutantes* seems carried to excess. I have seen three of which the entire bodice, apron, and sleeves were of thickly shirred chiffon—this inclination of the modistic mind to tear a fashion to tatters is the reason why many pretty styles are hastened to an untimely end, and I doubt not but that before June we shall all find gathered chiffon in *extremis* from the same cause.

This outdoor dress of Emenence purple cloth, with vest, tabbed under-basque, and apron panels of ivory cloth, sums up one of the frequent and favourite present styles. Most smart bodices are still partially pouched, notwithstanding all that has been said and written as to its decline and fall; nor will the fancy die out even with summer ices, for it is of all styles the coolest and most comfortable. We most of us know what it is to suffer from a rigidly whaleboned bodice, even if it be muslin, in broiling mid-July weather, a state of painful being from which the pouched bodice altogether delivers us; hence, no doubt, one of the reasons for its still prolonged presence. The perennial blouse, another tried and trusty A.D.C. of the sex, is with us still, while edited up to the latest fashion as a matter of course. Custom will, it is indeed to be hoped, never stale its infinite variety, for the blouse may be unequivocally expressed as one of our greatest boons and blessings. This model of pale green accordion-pleated silk, with interlaced cross-barred bands of darker green satin and velvet-edged guipure, is an easily copied and extremely pretty example of the newest form in blouses.

Those luckily placed mortals to whom town means three season months and occasional autumn interludes write me intoxicating details of frocks and frivolity abroad. Cannes, Florence, Rome, though riding for a fall of their seasons, still canter gaily through the days, and Florence seems most of all engaged in the present pursuit of pleasure. Amerigo Vespucci is responsible for the merry-making which marks his fourth centenary, and what with historical costume-balls, royalty in residence, and the appropriate influx of moneyed Americans, the classic city on the Arno is in a mood of hilarious holiday-making at the moment. Every evening of the past week has been given up to some special patriotic intoxication, and Monday's programme, April 25, with horse-show, jumping, and driving competitions in the morning at the Cascini, and a gala performance before the King and Queen of Italy at the Pugola Theatre in the evening, but paves the way to another week's frantic diversion, every moment of which is apportioned to its individual distraction.

On Tuesday the historical costume-ball at the Palazzo Vecchio has been so thoroughly taken in hand by the Marchese Torrigiani, the present Mayor of Florence, that it promises to outshine even the Duchess of Devonshire's famous festivity over here. Meanwhile many of the Duchess's guests who are staying in Florence for those festivities will figure again in their costume parts on Tuesday, and not only European aristocracy, but American *crème*—the *crème* of democracy—will rub shoulders by the Arno on this occasion.

SYBIL.

NOTES.

American women have a perfect genius for organisation, and if their services should be called for in the ambulance work which is woman's share in actual warfare, they would undoubtedly be ready with their plans all well arranged at once. They have amidst their number, indeed, some who are no strangers to war service; for many of those who were in their early prime in the great Civil War are still there, and able to take a share in counsel, and even in active work. Amongst these is "the Florence Nightingale of America," Miss Clara Barton, the head of the National Red Cross organisation. Her services were so considerable in the great war that the United States Government granted her an official residence near the Capitol, and regularly appointed her to the headship of the Government organisation of Red Cross work for the wounded in war. She was the delegate from her country to the famous Geneva conference of all nations, at which the various Governments settled on the privileges and immunities of the non-combatants who go to battle to save and not to destroy. Though Clara Barton must now be approaching seventy years of age, she is still perfectly alert and strong, and has only recently returned from Cuba, where she went to distribute voluntary relief to the starving from a subscribed fund. As it was no part of the Spanish General's plan to have relief given, he hampered and hindered Miss Barton so that she threw up the task as hopeless, and the report that she gave to her subscribers of the starvation and misery that exist in Cuba at present had some share in arousing American opinion to its present heat of indignation. Just two years ago Miss Barton made a toilsome trip to distribute similar voluntary relief in Armenia. She now announces that she has two hundred nurses, all specially trained for war service, in communication with her, and ready to take the field at twenty-four hours' notice.

One would like to know how many specially trained nurses could be mustered for war on short notice in this country. We have now what was not in existence at the time of the Crimean War, a large number of trained attendants on the ordinary sick; but we still have no such institution as that at which the American nurses at Miss Barton's command have taken a special course after passing through the usual hospital training. In New York there is a "Red Cross Training School," attached to a hospital; and the nurses learn there all the special details of attendance on wounds of different kinds, emergency "makeshifts," and other points that are likely to be useful.

Though the Crimean War seems so far away from us, it is only now, over forty years afterwards, that decorations are being distributed by the Queen to the Crimean nurses who still survive. It was apparently never thought in those days that women could care to be "decorated"; and so only those of the nurses who have lived to a great age have had this honourable "bauble"—just as Caroline Herschel, at the age of seventy-five, received the gold medal of the Astronomical Society for work that she had done thirty years before. When Miss Nightingale came home from the Crimea, the Queen personally gave her a splendid diamond

and enamelled pendant, which had been specially designed by the Prince Consort, and which resembled an "Order"; but it was, of course, not one in any sense.

A remarkable letter from Miss Nightingale has also only just come to light—one most interesting as showing that when the world was ringing with her praise she remained always humble and free from self-assertion, and was more ready to recognise the greatness of the work of others than to magnify her own office. The letter is printed in a book just published containing the recollections of the Reverend Mother of the posse of Catholic nuns who accompanied Miss Nightingale. The illustrious head of the whole nursing staff writes to her Catholic friend, who is going home after her service: "I will take all the care I can of your sisters, but it will not be like yourself. No one knows so well as I do how far more fit you were to have the command of all things here than I." Is not that singular magnanimity? But it is the note of true greatness.

Lady Aberdeen, last year, founded a "Victorian Order" of nurses in Canada, as a commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee. She is now sending five of the body to Klondike to nurse the innumerable sick and injured of that region. But one of the pioneers of exploration there is making a solemn protest in the Canadian Press against this expedition. He says that people in the milder parts of the colony have no conception of the horrors of the journey, or of the hardships of the life, the latter ranging from the frosts and icy blasts of winter to the summer torture of the mosquitoes, that literally have driven men mad, and have often drawn outbursts of tears from the strongest sufferers, irritated beyond endurance. This gentleman maintains that trained male nurses ought to be sent, instead of Lady Aberdeen's party of women.

A bridegroom at Peterborough has caused a commotion by refusing to answer, when asked the usual question, in the archaic form appointed by the Prayer-Book—"I will." He replied simply "Yes," and absolutely refused to alter the form of assent to the words prescribed. Accordingly, the clergyman shut up his book and the wedding did not take place. The registry office and Nonconformists' place of worship remain open, or the case of the poor bride of this strong-willed bridegroom would be the harder! As it is, she will need much courage to persevere in marrying so obstinate a master. But the interesting point is—had the clergyman the right to refuse to take the assent to the vow in the ordinary "Yes" of everyday life, and to insist on the actual words of the formula? A fine hash is, in fact, sometimes made of the unfamiliar language of the ceremony by the rustic and illiterate, without the clergyman taking any sort of notice. An East-End clergyman assured me that it was so general as to be evidently traditional for the bridegrooms of his poverty-stricken parish to



A PRETTY SILK BLOUSE.

wind up with "And thee to I this thee and thou." This jingle was as intelligible to the coster youth as "thereto I plight thee my troth"—neither set of words had the advantage of making any sense to his mind. I once, when visiting a school in the same classic region of Bethnal Green, had the old hunting song, "A Southerly Wind," sung for my entertainment by the children, and I heard, not one or two, but the class as a whole, bawling out this legend: "A snicketty snicketty snoring." I pointed this out to the mistress, who apparently had not noticed it. Asked what she thought the children supposed it to mean, she opined that it was meaningless to them in only the same degree as the actual words of the song, "Dull sleep on a downy bed scorning." F. F. M.

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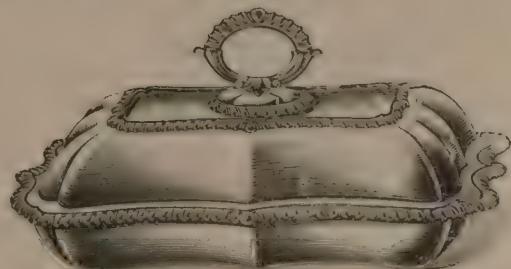
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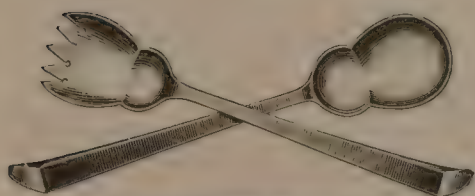
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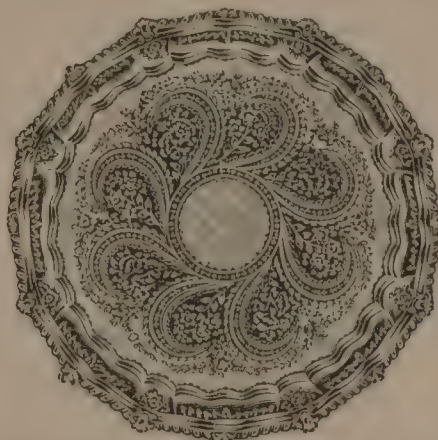
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I WILL
HAVE OR
I WILL
HAVE
NONE

S.T. DADD

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated April 12, 1866) of Mr. Alfred Morrison, D.L., J.P., of Fonthill House, Wilts., and 16, Carlton House Terrace, who died on Dec. 22 last, have been proved by Charles Morrison and Walter Morrison, the brothers, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £861,386. The testator bequeaths £2000 and the use and enjoyment of Fonthill House and 16, Carlton House Terrace, with the furniture and household effects therein, and the income of £150,000, to his wife, Mrs. Mabel Morrison; and £300,000, upon trust, for all his children, but in case of failure thereof, then to all his brothers and sisters. He settles all his real and leasehold estates upon his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1895), with a codicil (dated Dec. 29, 1897), of Mr. Thomas Palfrey Broadmead, D.L., J.P., of Enmore Park, Somerset, who died on Jan. 10, was proved at the Taunton District Registry on March 7 by William Bucknell Broadmead, and the Rev. Philip Palfrey Broadmead, the sons and executors, the gross value of the estate being £252,150, and the net personal £191,814. The testator gives £10,000 each to his daughters, Harriet Robinett Broadmead, Ellen Jane Broadmead, Constance Broadmead, and Florence Broadmead; £5000 to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Broadmead; £23,000 each to his sons Philip Palfrey and Henry; £24,000, upon sundry trusts, for his granddaughters Vera Gwendoline and Sybil Robinett; and a few specific bequests. He settles all his real estate on his son William Bucknell, and his children. The residue of his property he leaves to his son William.

The will (dated May 5, 1893) of Mr. Ferdinand Unna, of 12, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, who died on Feb. 27, was proved on April 6 by Mrs. Friederike Unna, the widow, Gustav Oscar Unna, the son, Henry Pearse Hughes, and Henry Bargrave Deane, Q.C., the executors, the gross value of the estate being £212,390, and the net personal £209,072. The testator bequeaths £10,500 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Hilda and Ada Unna, he having already settled a like amount on his daughter Mrs. Agnes Pauline Anstice; £7500 each to his sons, Alfred Ernest, Otto William, Gustav Oscar, and Percy John Henry; £500, his household furniture, pictures, plate, carriages and horses, and the use for life of his freehold premises, 12, Lancaster Gate, to his wife; and £300 each to his executors, except his wife. Sums of money advanced to his sons are to be taken in part payment of their respective legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then between all his children and the children of any deceased child.

The will (dated May 27, 1897) of Mr. Henry Barkworth, of Tranby House, Hessle, Yorkshire, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on March 9 at the York District Registry by Mrs. Catherine Hester Barkworth, the widow, and Edmund Barkworth, the son, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £151,365, and the net personal, £130,072. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects,

carriages, horses, live and dead stock, and crops, to his wife, and, during her life, the use and enjoyment of Tranby House and all his lands and premises in the parishes of Tranby and Hessle, and £1800 per annum; £7500 North-Eastern Railway Stock, upon trust, for his daughter Evelyn; £2500 of such stock, upon trust, for his daughter Violet Hester Pease; and an annuity of £60 to Mrs. Coxhead. He devises his hereditaments and premises in Swanland and West Ella, East Riding, Yorkshire, to his son Algernon Henry Barkworth. At the death of Mrs. Barkworth, sundry railway shares of the value of over £7000 are to be held, upon trust, for his daughter Evelyn, and other shares to the value of over £6500 for his daughter Violet Hester Pease. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two sons in equal shares.

The will (dated April 6, 1887), with a codicil (dated Nov. 1, 1893), of Mr. George Eskholme, J.P., of Beech-on-Hurst, Rotherham, who died on Jan. 24, has been proved at the Wakefield District Registry by Miss Eva Eskholme and Miss Florence Alice Eskholme, the daughters and executrices, the net value of the estate being £77,523. The testator gives £1000 per annum and the use of his house, with the furniture and contents, to his wife during her widowhood, she providing a home for his unmarried daughters, and provision is made for them in case they shall cease to reside with their mother, or marry. He further bequeaths £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Sarah Anne Buttenshaw, Mrs. Emma Wigfield, Mrs. Betsy Tucker, Mrs. Mary Eliza Bennett, Miss Eva Eskholme, and Miss Alice Florence Eskholme; and £1000, upon trust, for his granddaughter Alice Maude Buttenshaw. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters Eva and Alice Florence.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1898) of Sir Henry Francis Howard, G.C.B., of 52, Briennerstrasse, Munich, Bavaria, who died on Jan. 28, was proved on April 13 by Henry Howard, C.B., her Majesty's Minister at the Hague, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £44,228. The testator gives his household furniture and effects and his claim on the estate of Count Paul Montessny to his four children—Henry, Francis, Mary, and Katherine; and all the property coming to him under the will of his wife, Lady Howard, to his daughters Mary and Katherine. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to two sixths each to his sons Henry and Francis, and one sixth each to his daughters Katherine Mary Countess von Rechberg and Mary Louisa Baroness von Aretin.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1897) of Colonel Charles Denison Pedder, J.P., of Kilburne Hall, Derby, who died on Feb. 24 last, was proved on March 31 at the Derby District Registry by Henry Francis Wilson and John Eden Hiron, the executors, the value of the estate being £16,012. The testator appoints £19,400, the funds over which he has a power of appointment under the will of Richard Newsham, as to £8000 part thereof, upon trust, for his son Charles Edward Pedder, for life, and then to his children Charles and Mabel; £8000 to his son James

Henry Worthington Pedder; and the remainder of the said fund to his daughters Mary Anne Jane Pedder and Catherine Helen Denning. The testator gives £2000 and fifty shares in the Burton Banking Company, upon trust, for his son Charles Edward, for life, and then to his son Charles; £2000 and fifty of such shares to his son James; and thirty of such shares each to his two daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Elizabeth Pedder, absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1888) of the Right Hon. Juliana Cavendish, Countess of Camperdown, of Weston House, Warwick, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on April 6 by the Earl of Camperdown, the son and executor, the value of the estate being £18,500. The testatrix gives £500 to her son, George Alexander Phillips Haldane Duncan; her leasehold premises, 22, Hill Street, with the furniture, plate, pictures, etc., therein, to her daughter, Julia Janet Georgiana Baroness Abercromby; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her son, Earl Camperdown.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1890) of Mr. Edward Tierney Gillkrist Darell, of 5, St. George's Place, Hyde Park, and formerly of 76, Grosvenor Street, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on April 1 by Mrs. Florence Darell, the widow, Sir Lionel Edward Darell, Bart., the brother, and Romer Williams, the executors, the value of the estate being £7569. The testator appoints £15,000, the funds of his first marriage settlement, to his son, Henry Francis Darell, and he gives to him his Darell and Egmont plate. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her death he gives his Tierney plate to his son, and the ultimate residue of his property to his daughter Florence Mary.

The will of Colonel John Heyward Heyward, D.L., J.P., of Crosswood, Guilsfield, near Welshpool, who died on Feb. 8, has just been proved by Miss Frances Althea Trevor, the sole executrix, the gross value of the estate being £5038.

The will of Mr. Henry Simmons, of Bearwood Farm, Wokingham, who died on Dec. 31 last, has been proved by Ernest Henry Simmons, the son, and Charles Simmons, the brother, the value of the personal estate being £4695.

The will of Miss Elizabeth Reed, of Langford House, Lechlade, Gloucester, who died on Feb. 15, has been proved by the Hon. Edwin Charles William Ponsonby, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £1242.

The society known as "The Children's Salon" is but seven years old, yet in the course of its short life it has raised nearly five thousand pounds for various charitable purposes. Its latest entertainment, given on Saturday last at the Westminster Town Hall, was largely attended by the friends of so energetic an institution. The earlier part of the day was given over to competitions among the youthful members in music, singing, recitations, drawing, dancing, and other accomplishments. Those adjudged victorious subsequently gave a very charming entertainment.

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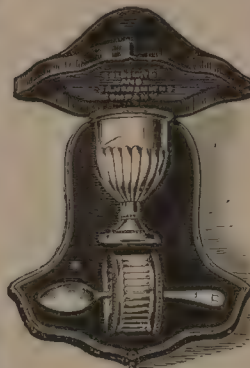
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HIS FIRST INTERVIEW.

Mr. Wilfred Gent-Grace (it is well to have a two-barrelled name nowadays, despite a late politician's gibe, because if you don't bring the public down with the first, they may fall to the second), Mr. Gent-Grace found it impossible to deny that the notices of his book were coming in unsatisfactorily. He had complained to the Press-Cutting Agency, and the Agency had replied, with some reason, that it could not cut out notices that did not exist. The author, sitting in his underground chambers in King's Bench Walk, told a portrait of the Lord Chief Justice with some sternness that this might satisfy some people, but it did not satisfy him. A tap at the door.

"Come in!" he said moodily.

"Lady to see you, Sir," said the clerk. "This is her card." The clerk coughed. "Said she'd come to interview you, Sir."

"Is she old or young?" inquired Mr. Gent-Grace with sudden anxiety. He glanced around the room, and threw his pipe in the coal-scuttle.

"Not what I call young, Sir."

"Show her in, Polden, and do some work at the table over there. Perhaps you might get us some tea."

He snatched at a book on Social Problems, and took up a thoughtful attitude, with his chin supported by one hand. A very large lady sailed into the room with an important swish of skirts.

"Oh, how do you do?" she said with great geniality. "So good of you to give me five minutes. I've just joined the staff of a new paper—or, rather, I haven't exactly joined, you know, but I'm an occasional—"

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you so much," said the lady interviewer. "I will sit down. But pray don't trouble to have tea made for me."

"I was just going to have some."

"I'm simply dying for a cup," she said cheerfully.

"It's puerile of me, I know, but I must say I do like tea. You know I do a good deal of brain work, and unless I eat and drink just what I want, I'm so afraid of my constitution giving way."

"For my part, I—"

"My husband was just the reverse, now," she went on with great relish. "If he had about every other hour a steak and a small bottle of Burgundy, and a cigar, he was quite happy. That was," she explained, "before he died, of course. He was a very humorous man, and he often used to say to me, 'You have the mind, I have the appetite.' She gave a high, loud laugh. "I shall never forget it," she said, "he used to say it so often. 'You have the mind,' he would say, 'I have—'"

"Sugar?"

"Three lumps, please. I'm a dreadful puerile person in regard to sugar." She sipped at her tea.

"I suppose," said Mr. Gent-Grace importantly, "you want some details or data, or general information concerning my life and my mode of—er—work?"

"I do all my writing at night," she said inconsequently. "If you were to ask me to sit down now over there where your clerk is and write a clever story I simply couldn't do it. I'm the most puerile—"

"Personally, I—"

"But after ten o'clock in the evening I can scribble away

like mad. I simply go on, without thinking. I daresay you saw an account I did of a fancy-dress dance held at a private house in West Kensington?"

"Afraid," said Mr. Gent-Grace, "that I missed that. You see I am so busily engaged in my own work."

"That's where I can't help thinking you make a mistake," said the large lady coldly. "Unless you read the journals, I'm afraid you'll find yourself behind the times."

"I should have thought now," he said with an effort at brightness, "that to get behind the *Times* was reading a journal."

"I beg pardon?"

The gifted author explained his remark carefully, hoping that it would be written down, but she declared herself unable to see what he meant. Giving it up, she took another cup of tea.

"I suppose," he began, a little abashed by this failure, "I suppose I was always more or less fond of politics. As a youth I was a member of a debating society and—Hadn't you better put this down?"

She touched her forehead mysteriously.

"I carry it all here," she said. "When I was a girl my memory was something too puerile for words. Nowadays I can remember almost anything, and even if one doesn't remember," she smiled amiably, "one can always make up something."

"I should like," he said hesitatingly, "to look over the proofs, if you didn't mind."

"I don't think that's at all necessary," she said with much decision. "I hope you don't mean to accuse me of not knowing my own business. Because if so—"

"My dear Madam," he said with great anxiety. "You

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misapprehend me. I'm quite sure that the interview is safe in your hands."

The clock struck, and she rose in a series of jerks. "I must be moving," she said cheerfully. "I'm going on to one or two places. There's just one thing I want to ask you. I thought you were so much older than you are."

"I'm not," said Mr. Gent-Grace. "I want to know"—here she took a new pocket-book from her bag—"I want to know when you propose to retire?"

"Well," he said awkwardly, "you see I've not been at the game very long. I hope to go on for some time yet."

"Oh!" she said, in disappointed tones. "That's a pity. But you can't expect to go on playing cricket for ever, surely?"

"I never have played cricket."

"Pardon me," she said coldly, "are you not Mr. W. G. Grace, the champion cricketer?"

"No!" snapped the author.

"But are you sure? I found the address in the Directory, and I think you must be—"

"I tell you I'm not," he half shouted. "I'm no relation to him, and I've never seen him. You can't argue a man into being a champion cricketer. Polden, show the lady out."

The large lady shook her head as she went out of the first door and sighed. "So very like a man," she said pityingly, "not to apologise for wasting my time."

W. PETT RIDGE.

THE OLD GARDEN.

The worship of nature in my garden! Birds, hidden under the leaves, sing their matins, noonsongs, and vespers; but the butterflies and flowers adore in silence, performing life's tasks with quiet assiduity. The jessamine beckons to the bee; the pendulous crown imperial invites the tiny warbler to sip the honey from its delicate cup-shaped blossom. Just outside the wide French windows are flower borders cut in circles and in crescents about the lawn. Here are soft-scented pinks, many-hued pansies, and crimson peonies growing in profusion near the rhododendron bushes. The dainty mignonette modestly blooms, half hidden in the shade of the tall sunflowers. The clinging tendrils of the clematis and passion-flower climb over the lattice walls, while the opened crowns look in through my window. Nasturtiums bloom in careless clusters among the lower cross-pieces of the lattice, and ivy trails everywhere over the old out-houses, pushing in through the chinks under the eaves, and fastening on the inner walls, where its leaves are light green and the fibres of its vines pale and frail, for the sunlight does not penetrate hither to harden and invigorate.

Honeysuckles clothe the summer-house, hanging all round the thatch, exhaling rich odours when evening is still. The bee hawk-moth loves this bower of honeysuckle, and hovers before the opened nectary, sipping the honey through its long proboscis. The slightest movement of the watcher alarms it; but perfect quiet reassures the insect,

which will in this case continue to feed almost directly before your face, poising on unseen but rapidly vibrating wings near its food plant, now and then darting away towards the petals of a fresh flower, there to regale itself upon a new supply of nectar.

Thousands of bees wander in and out among the crimson blossoms of the rhododendrons. These shrubs seem alive with them. Hither come the busy workers from the skeps in the kitchen garden, in company with red-tipped and yellow-barred bumbles from bank and hedgerow. When shadows fall, the privet hawk-moth succeeds the bee, and on angular wings visits the shrubberies, showing a marked preference for the lilacs that grow near the railings beyond the grass-plots.

In the early months the old garden is full of nesting birds. The willow warbler makes a neat little home just under the rhododendron that screens the middle plot. So artfully hidden from view among bents and leaves are the six lovely eggs, that it is an afternoon's employment to watch the movements of the parent birds and so discover the whereabouts of their nest. At last you find it hidden just where the grass trespasses upon the edge of the border, under the overhanging blades. The wary birds, when about to visit the spot, very trickily fly round the branches, creep in through the shrub, down along the bole to the earth, and then run across the intervening space between the bush and the nest. At night, if you throw a stone into the border, you will presently hear the few notes of a strange, twittering carol, trilled forth in a hurry, as if,

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happily, the willow warbler had been awakened from the dream of a song of spring.

Nightingales do not visit our western copses, but blackcaps sing in the shaded bowers which connect the home garden with the kitchen plot and the orchards. The blackcap's lay is not far inferior to the melody of the brown bird whose raptures charm the moonlit glade.

In company with the lesser warblers blue tits play hide-and-seek, often joined in their fun by the wrens. Every year a pair of blue titmice nest behind the summer-house. It is an anxious time when their young are here, there, everywhere, on the path or in the ditch or under the trees, crying out lustily for grubs and flies. So occupied are the tits in feeding their fledglings that they scarcely have leisure to snatch a morsel for themselves, even though their labours be equally apportioned. The cock tends three that are somewhere in the border, the hen three

others that have strayed to the iron gate, where they are sitting on the lower bar or squatting outside in the lane along which the cows pass at milking-time. Each nestling is fed in turn, the parent standing before the little one and alternately chiding and feeding it, as with impatient trembling of the wings it craves yet another morsel of the savoury caterpillar just discovered in a folded leaf.

What a wealth of life abides in the old garden! Here every feathered songster may live in peace, save for the hawks and the gardener who is occasionally prone to harden his heart when the cherries and strawberries are ripe. Just behind the house a sloping bank stretches upwards to the hayfields that skirt the wood beyond. This bank is clothed with thickest tangle of briar and tall grasses and bracken. Elms and oaks look down upon the matted thickets, with here and there a copper beech or an ash sapling. The only pathways among these brakes are those

used by the rabbits and birds which here abide—the narrow devious lanes which lead from the heart of this labyrinth up into the mowing grass and down to the edge of the drive are diligently kept free by the conies from all encroachment of growing briars.

Festoons of the wild convolvulus persist in companionship with sweet-peas, and grow up the wire screens opposite my study window, twisting their snake-like coils round screen and sweet-pea alike, binding one to the other in a firm embrace, yet never strangling the tender growth of the companion plant. So the shady byway presents to the eye in due season a close array of wild and garden flowers—blue and purple and white and crimson sweet-peas, with the striped trumpets of the convolvulus peeping out from the quivering pale green leaves.

The rabbits frequently visit the grass-plot and the drive. Last summer a litter was reared in the unused

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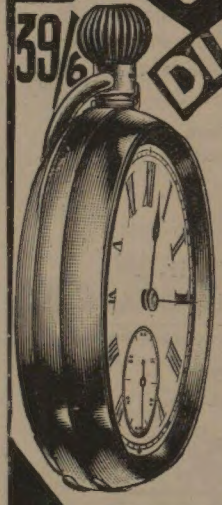
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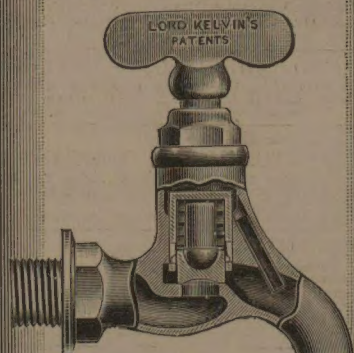


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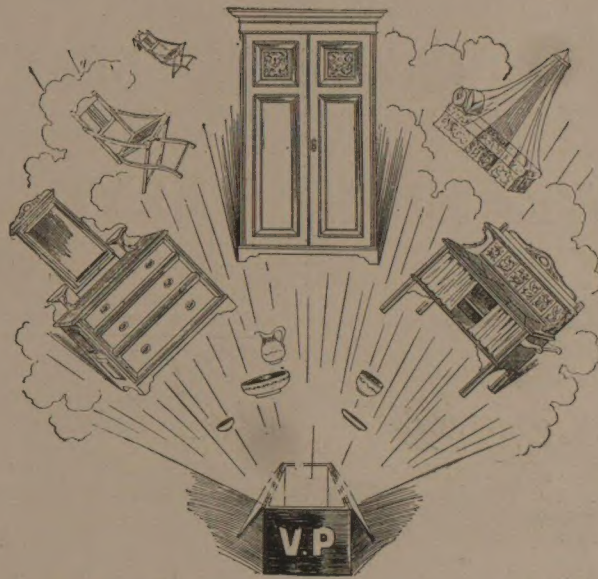


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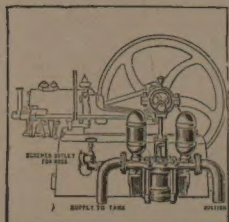
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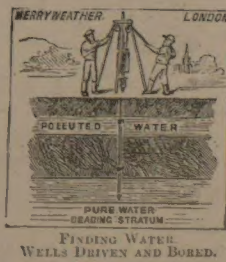
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drain leading under the flower-beds just beneath the willow warbler's nest. The little family used to frisk about under the trees, looking like tiny balls of silvery grey fluff, not bigger than rats. Should a footstep be heard on the walk, the doe immediately gave the alarm, drumming on the ground in the way peculiar to sociable rodents. At the first warning the young would cease to play and feed and at once hurry to their nest in the drain, their white scuts showing for an instant as they entered, hustling one another in their eagerness to hide.

The branches of a very old elm, gnarled and weather-worn, reach across to the upper windows. Once in early spring a carrion crow built a rough platform of sticks in the fork, fully intending to use this spot for the purpose of nidification. Unfortunately for such an intention,

old Watty, the gardener, also possessed two or three ideas, all of which were in direct opposition to that of the crow. One of these ideas was nothing short of a deep-rooted prejudice against such things as hawks and crows, and another was what in this neighbourhood is termed a "clem" (knack) as regards the use of an ancient muzzle-loader he usually kept well oiled in a waterproof case just over the mantelshelf of the lodge kitchen. What followed may be readily surmised. Watty made sure of his shot, for he watched till he caught the pair sitting close together on a bough. It was a case of two birds with one stone—or rather, with one ounce of shot. He considered it a sin, the old man explained, to burn more good powder than was absolutely necessary on such brutes.

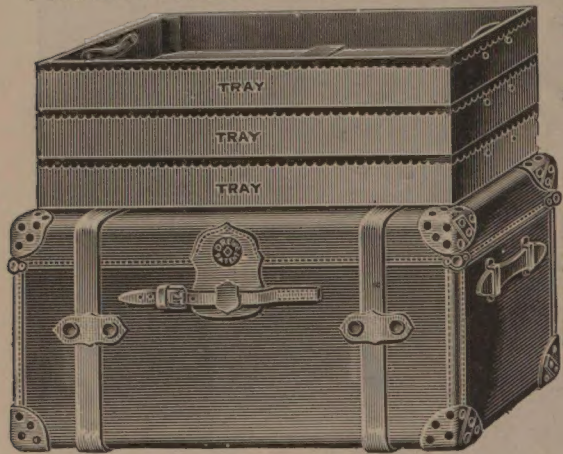
Following the death of the black crows and the theft of

four greenish and brown-blotched eggs, two tawny owls came to fancy the site, with an eye to business, for here a capital ready-made nest, needing but a little alteration and repair, awaited reinhabitation. So year after year the same brown owls came to the old elm, and every spring laid four round white eggs and hatched out a corresponding number of hungry fledglings—except when a chance egg was added—and hooted the young birds away, when feathers had grown long enough for flight, to inhabit the woods, there in turn to rear up numerous families within the hollow boles of the forest trees, just one storey above the woodpecker's or the starling's dwelling, mayhap just where the squirrel's snuggery, now forsaken, shaded the hole which served for entrance to the pellet-strewn nest.

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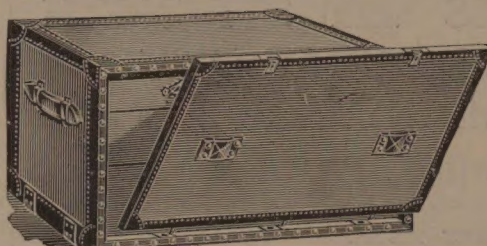
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